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HENRY P. LEIFERMANN

Konstantin Paustovsky on Isaac Babel

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LETTERS

what Chicanos think

New York City

DEAR SIRS: According to the article "The Chicano Rebellion" by Roy Bongartz [*The Nation*, Mar. 3], Octavio I. Romano, an anthropologist teaching a course in Mexican-American studies at Berkeley, reserves his "most energetic attacks" against "sociologists who are preserving stale anti-Mexican prejudices in the academic jargon of scholarly works."

No responsible scholar could advance such charges against the social scientists he mentioned (some are not sociologists but distinguished anthropologists). I am honored to be placed by Romano in the company of Ruth Tuck, Lyle Saunders, Julian Samora, et al., even if he reserved the most specific attacks for me. Romano not only quotes me out of context but provides curious interpretations for these quotes in order to justify his libeling me as prejudiced.

In my book, *Mexican American Youth—Forgotten Youth at the Crossroads* (Random House, 1966), I state explicitly: "In physical appearance Mexican American youth are *far from homogeneous.*" (My italics.) But Romano claims that I am (in academic jargon) "saying that you can't tell them apart." Let me then give the entire sentence from which he snatched a phrase to substantiate this foul accusation. I wrote: "As compared with most of them [minority groups in the United States], they [Mexican Americans] display a marked lack of internal differentiation, whether *in terms of schooling, occupation, or income.*". . . (My italics.) And note what Romano, as reported in *The Nation* article, has done with my statement: "Instead of saying that you can't tell them apart she [Heller] writes: 'They exhibit a marked lack of internal differentiation.'" Surely, Dr. Romano, as an anthropologist, must know what social scientists mean by social differentiation and that it does not refer to "looking alike"! (Students learn this concept in introductory courses.)

In this, as in the other example he gives to substantiate my "prejudice," Dr. Romano displays what Sartre calls bad faith. . . .

Celia S. Heller

Foster, R. I.

DEAR SIRS: Since *The Nation* piece was merely reporting the interpretations of Dr. Romano and the other editors of *El Grito*, Celia Heller might have been better advised to send her protest to them directly. I would like to say, however, that those editors are all graduates or teachers in social sciences themselves, as well as being Mexican Americans. If they don't know how Chicanos feel about standard academic attitudes toward them, who does?

Roy Bongartz

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Bongartz's article was a more insightful piece of reporting on Mexican Americans than others published in recent times.

However, Bongartz did make a serious error when he stated that "Quinto Sol members invaded and occupied the office of the university president at Berkeley to protest the purchase of California grapes by the university cafeteria. . . ."

The group that invaded the president's office was indeed Chicano, but they were not members of Quinto Sol which is now Quinto Sol Publications. Rather, they were members of the Berkeley branch of MASC (Mexican-American Student Confederation) who, as members of the TWLF (Third World Liberation Front), have since that time been engaged in a continuous battle with the University of California administration at Berkeley over obtaining an au-

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EDITORIALS

White House Cop-Out

President Nixon's first big decision—on the ABM—was inherently a low-grade political compromise. For that characterization one need not go to Mr. Nixon's critics. Jerry Greene of the New York *Daily News*, who was much impressed both by the Presidential reasoning and the press conference at which the decision was launched, concedes that "there was something there for everybody."

That characterization defines political weaseling, but in fact it is a bit too sweeping. There was nothing for those who believe (as Mr. Nixon says he believes) that the only reliable protection the United States can have against nuclear destruction is peace, based on a *modus vivendi* worked out with the Soviet Union. And that is the constituency Mr. Nixon needs most—the disaffected intellectuals, the scientists beginning to tire of their role as technological office boys to the political and military elites, the young. Instead, Mr. Nixon chose what he thought was the minimal-risk course, and defended it with transparently disingenuous arguments—more befitting a small-time lawyer in police court than the occupant of the nation's highest office.

One can conjecture plausibly on the workings of the Presidential mind at this critical juncture. He appeared to yield a bit to dove pressure while taking care that the hawks should not sweep down on him. He did not want to repudiate the Johnson decision on the ABM, since that would have left him open to the accusation, however false, that he was less security-minded than his predecessor. At the same time he wanted to propose something different from what Mr. Johnson had offered: therefore he had to phony up still further something that was already spurious. He brought the Joint Chiefs over to his side, for reasons of their own and at least for the time being, and so managed to keep them and the defense contractors quiet. It adds up to something that, given Mr. Nixon's premises, might yield a transient political payoff, like a few vacillating Senators coming over to his side, relieved that now they need not offend those voters who still believe in a kind of technological homeopathy: missiles will save us from missiles.

And it lifted from Mr. Nixon's back the suburban population which had risen up against nuclear bombs planted in their backyards (and in the event of use exploding over their heads—or the heads of other city-based Americans). Out in the great open spaces, where our thousand nuclear bombs are already in their silos, there are fewer citizens to complain, and an influx of construction money to gain.

The most striking feature of the hybrid Johnson-Nixon ABM system is the military-political rubbish that was mobilized to put it over, first in one form and then in an entirely different form. It began as a "thin" defense against the Chinese madmen and the primitive nuclear bombs they are expected to have in the seventies. The plea was that it wouldn't cost much, and since the military recom-

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mended it, the taxpayers should be lenient this once. On this basis McNamara took his arm-twisting manfully and departed for the World Bank. At that stage the system was to protect the breadwinner at his daily task and the wife and kiddies back in the split level; but in a welcome moment of candor, Mr. Nixon acknowledged that such protection was illusory, and ordered the system redeployed to guard the Minutemen sites—and as of now only two of those. Moreover, such protection as the ABM system was to confer was suddenly against Russians, who Mr. Nixon devoutly hoped would take no offense from the implication of suicidal mania. The tortuous devices by which the ABM was promoted in its original form, and again after the Nixonian transformation, should in themselves put every American of normal mentality on guard.

"What is clear," the Federation of American Scientists points out, "is that at the present time the Soviet missile force does not pose a danger to our ability to retaliate against them in the event of attack." Further, if there was any incentive to give better protection to the retaliatory force, a sound engineering technique would involve concrete, not anti-missile missiles. "The introduction of . . . super-hard silos would provide a far cheaper means of protecting our ICBMs than an ABM system, would be far more reliable (involving only concrete and shock protection devices, as contrasted with the highly complex ABM network which could fail for a wide variety of reasons) and would not launch a new round in the arms race."

But as former Pentagon research chief Herbert York says, "as soon as one ABM plan is shot down, the military empire builders come up with another." With that familiar low cunning, his major occupational weakness from the beginning, Mr. Nixon has given the military-industrial complex a chance to expand the contemplated ABM system into something really worth while—say into the $50 billion range. But they haven't got the money yet. Now is the time for the anti-ABM forces to rally, and deny the President and the Pentagon the funds without which none of this mishmash can be made into a reality.

Alexander Werth . . .

He was pre-eminently the journalist's journalist. He did not dig for facts and figures, although he knew where to find them, nor did he take voluminous notes. He absorbed his times. Werth went about listening, observing, inquiring, digesting. What he saw and felt and experienced became his stock in trade.

At first glance his copy seemed a hopeless tangle of interlineations and marginal comments; the paper was too thin and the typewriter was often in need of repair or a new ribbon. But once familiar with his disheveled copy, one had no problem about it; there was no confusion of thought, the sentences came out clear and straight. While now and then he got a detail wrong—a date or a fact—he was so knowledgeable, and he tapped such rich stores of observation and experience, that he was

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rarely wrong in substance. He had a marvelous sense of the meaning—of the drift and significance—of new and complex developments. And he wrote about events as they were happening, not in calm retrospect.

The editors of *The Nation* owe him a great debt. During more than three decades of violent change and dramatic news developments—of purges and coups, of wars and revolutions—he reported for us from Russia, Eastern Europe, Spain, Italy, Germany and France. The longer we knew him, the more we liked and admired him as a person and the more confidence we had in what he wrote for us. Nothing of his that we published proved later to be an embarrassment; his record for accurate perception and evaluation was unmatched, in our view, by any journalist of his time. He belonged to that diminishing breed of "foreign correspondents"—men and women who, often without permanent affiliations, managed somehow to eke out a living and report as free agents about the things that concerned them most. Alexander Werth was one of the best. His long identification with *The Nation* will remain for us a source of enduring pride.

. . . Claude Bourdet

It would please Werth to know that we have asked Claude Bourdet to serve as our Paris correspondent, with the Continent as his beat. The men were close friends. *The Nation* has known and published Bourdet over almost as long a period as we knew and published Werth. Son of the playwright Edouard Bourdet and Catherine Pozzi, a poet, he was educated in Switzerland and served as an artillery officer with the French Army in 1939-40. At the end of 1940, he joined the Resistance, becoming a member of the Executive of the "Combat" movement and managing its underground paper of that name. He was arrested in March 1944 by the Gestapo, deported to Sachsenhausen and Buchenwald, and finally liberated by General Patton's army. Back in France in April 1945 he became Vice President of the French Consultative Assembly, then director general of French broadcasting and publisher of the weekly *Octobre*.

In 1945, Bourdet succeeded Albert Camus as publisher of the daily *Combat*, leaving it in 1950 to found *l'Observateur*, later called *France Observateur* (now *Le Nouvel Observateur*). In 1959 he was elected a member of the Paris City Council, and re-elected in 1965. He serves as foreign editor of the progressive Catholic weekly *Témoignage Chrétien* and contributes to *Le Monde* and other publications. Bourdet was one of the founders of the PSU, the Left Socialist party, and served on its Executive until 1964. He was founder and chairman of the Movement Against Atomic Armament, today the Movement for Disarmament, Peace and Freedom (MDPL), and is one of the Presidents of the International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace, a world confederation of nonaligned organizations.

It is a pleasure to add Claude Bourdet's name to our masthead. He will report for our readers at an early date on the internal economic, social and political situation in France.

Revolving Credit

When Congress passed the Truth in Lending Act last year, it quieted the States' rights advocates by including a provision that would exempt from federal jurisdiction any state that passed its own law offering the consumer as much protection as the federal statute. Now in a majority of states a bill called the Uniform Consumer Credit Code is being pushed. Some of its consumer protection features are just as good as the federal law.

But buried among these positive features one finds that the proposed Code would permit 36 per cent interest on revolving bank credit-card sales and 24 per cent interest on regular department store revolving credit sales. While that is high, it does not violate the exemption requirements, because the Truth in Lending Act leaves interest rates to the states. The federal law requires only that the charges be spelled out so that people can more clearly see when and how they are being gypped.

The goal of the lobbyists for this Code sounds very plausible—equal charges throughout the land. But in fact it would be regressive to make all states adjust to this Code. Its provisions might actually improve debtors' lives in some of the more backward states, where 36 per cent and 24 per cent would sound like progress, but the Code would raise interest rates on loans in California, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and a good many other states. In fact, in the states where revolving credit is regulated—which is about half the states—not one permits an interest rate as high as the Uniform Code's proposed 24 per cent.

In the first round of legislative votes, the Code has been defeated four times, but three of these losses were in thinly populated states—Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico—and the other state legislature, Indiana's, did not permanently turn it down but only put off the decision for two years. So the bulk of the arguing is still to be done, and it will come in the heavily populated states where lies the big pay-off in the $100 billion consumer credit business.

The best chance the consumer has for seeing the Code turned down is the infighting now going on between the bankers and the loan companies.

Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking Committee, has traced $297,000 of the money (there may be more he hasn't found) that went into the drafting-lobbying campaign behind the Code. At least $75,000 of that, he says, came from the bankers. (That's why the Code gives them 36 per cent interest on purchases made with bank credit cards, while department stores get 12 per cent less for their own credit-card sales.) But when a "free entry provision" was written into the Code to allow loan companies to muscle into some of the dealings previously reserved solely for the banks, the bankers reversed themselves and opposed the Code. At least on that point. In two states where the "free entry" provision was knocked out by the legislatures, the bankers reversed themselves again and supported the Code.

Since it is a little difficult to take sides with either the banks or the loan companies, and since, as Judge George Brunn of Berkeley has said, "this is one of the most tech-

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nical and difficult to understand pieces of legislation I have ever seen, difficult even for lawyers, let alone laymen," it would be much wiser for all states now covered by their own consumer credit laws to reject this package that has only one easily detectable virtue—uniformity, if indeed that is a virtue.

Westmoreland, Seminarist

The armed forces of the United States do not confine themselves to fighting; they also see to it that occasions for fighting will not be lacking. With steely eyes, they discern the foreign foe and warn the citizens that his knavish tricks will bring our virtuous land to ruin. To them, peace is a Gorgon's head that threatens to petrify the members of their noble profession.

A favorite technique of military persuasion is the seminar, borrowed from the academy and in some cases emanating from "colleges" and "universities" within the services, e.g., the Industrial College of the Armed Forces. In conjunction with chambers of commerce and other centers of higher learning, the Industrial College will be staging seminars this fall and winter in Tucson, Ariz.; Pensacola, Fla.; Monterey, Calif.; Anchorage, Alaska; Seattle, Wash.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; and Midland, Tex. Teams of lecturers fanning out from the home base at Fort Lesley J. McNair, Washington, D.C., will "foster, among reserve officers and interested citizens, a better understanding of the many interrelated and complex national and international problems associated with national security."

Seminars are presented as lecture programs illustrated by films and other visual aids, on topics listed by an Air Force colonel in the *Arizona Daily Star* as civil defense, international and national economics, natural resources, world agriculture, foreign aid, space exploration, weapons system management, the nature of modern war, etc. Among regions that will receive the attention of the seminarists will be the Middle East, the Soviet Union, China, Africa and Southeast Asia. The seminar on the last-named will probably not develop the thesis that it is in the national interest to intervene in a far-off civil war and get so thoroughly mired that it is impossible to see how we can get out—honorably, of course.

Seminars are also sponsored by right-wing outfits, such as the American Security Council and the Institute for American Strategy. According to Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the American Security Council was organized in 1955 "to operate a loyalty-security blacklist where employers could check employees and applicants for reports of leftist connections"—a sort of industrial Red Channels.

From this McCarthyite nucleus, the council branched out into regional seminars, a newsletter and a weekly radio program. Dudman says that although the content of the seminar lectures is not available to the public, it could resemble a comic book widely circulated by the council and based on Gen. Thomas S. Power's *Design for Survival*. General Power, formerly commander of the Strategic Air Command, laments our pussyfooting in Vietnam and depicts us as "too trusting, altruistic, generous, too forgiving —to the point that international gangsters are encouraged to pillage, burn, kill and dictate." Maybe we should drop nuclear bombs on these criminals, Power suggests.

A recent addition to the lecture staff of the council is Gen. William C. Westmoreland, former commander in Vietnam, who was kicked upstairs to be Army Chief of Staff when he asked for another 206,000 troops after the Tet offensive of 1968. He joins Dr. Walter Judd, Frank J. Johnson, Stefan T. Possony and other Soviet baiters. Just how sending the Army Chief of Staff on the right-wing give-'em-hell circuit comports with the President's much publicized desire for disarmament negotiations with the USSR is something that only Mr. Nixon can explain.

Daley Stumbles

Chicago

A pair of dissident Democrats in Chicago have taught Mayor Richard J. Daley a lesson from his own political textbook by upending two of his candidates in the March 11 special aldermanic elections. The races—six in all—were to fill seats in the City Council left vacant by deaths or resignations.

Fred Hubbard, a Negro social worker, and William S. Singer, a Jewish lawyer, threw together cadres of doorbell ringers and leaflet passers who brought out the vote against lackluster machine candidates in two wards. In the 2nd Ward on the near South Side, Hubbard, 40, defeated Lawrence J. Woods, the Chicago aide of Rep. William Dawson. In the 44th Ward, along Lake Michigan on the North Side, Singer, 28, forced James P. Gaughan, a county payroller, into a run-off April 8. Gaughan is the protégé of Cook County Clerk Edward J. Barrett, a Daley lieutenant.

Both elections should send the Mayor and his ministers into some serious "in service" training on the nature and meaning of New Politics. The lessons are obvious, if painful, especially in this first set of local elections after the violently repressive Democratic Convention, now called by some "Daley's Debacle."

Much of Hubbard's support in the 95 per cent Negro ward came from poor blacks living in public housing projects. Not since 1955 has any significant portion of the black poor (representing 37 per cent of the 2nd Ward vote) gone against the machine. The implications for Dawson and Daley are serious. To maintain its hold on Chicago, the Democratic machine must continue to have a dependable black vote. If Dawson can't produce it, the organization must try to find someone who can. Singer's showing should prove that when you loose a boomerang —in the form of club-wielding police—it really can sail right back at you. The 44th Ward, which ranges from lakefront penthouses to back-alley walkups, lies just north of Lincoln Park, where police beat and gassed demonstrators. Hundreds who still nurse psychic wounds from those encounters live in the ward and—often barely old enough to vote—they formed a core of willing and articulate supporters for Singer, a former campaign worker for Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

His backers included supporters of Sen. Eugene Mc-

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Carthy and Senators McGovern and Kennedy, as well as a galaxy of Democratic stars outside the Daley orbit. Among them: State Treasurer Adlai Stevenson, former Att. Gen. William S. Clark and Rep. Abner Mikva. Gaughan and Barrett countered with a "citizens committee" headed by former Democratic kingmaker Jacob Arvey—the very personification of old Chicago bathhouse politics.

But if Singer has won the first round, the final bout is still ahead, and Daley's lieutenants can be expected to put in some hard work, now that they know his form. If Singer and his supporters want something to celebrate on April 8, they can't afford to ease up. As one veteran precinct worker with a payroll job at stake said, "We've always beaten these people before because they think slogans can substitute for sweat. We know better."

Ben Shahn, Painter

Ben Shahn played a unique role in the world of art and the world outside of art. He was a blend of poet and political thinker, and the two were inseparable in him.

Poets have been brought to political impasses where a firm stand had to be taken, but Shahn thought lucidly and positively, I would say authoritatively, along these lines. Then there are those political minds with an art that pours iron thoughts into iron frames. But Shahn was a poet as are other poets, and no muse was ever violated by his social intent.

This is his poetic legacy:

The epic expression of his hatred of injustice embodied in his Sacco-Vanzetti and Tom Mooney series.

The love of peace he expressed in his joyful painting "Liberation" with its whirling children.

His concern about atomic holocaust expressed in the series on the Japanese fishermen, victims of atomic radiation.

His epic "Mine Disaster."

Then the lonely lyrics:

Stick-ball in an empty lot—the lonely harmonica player on a hillside—the blind accordionist—lovers on the grass.

The whimsicalities:

Seating arrangements of the network studio orchestra —the proliferating television antennae.

So much content impeccably shaped!

JACK LEVINE

SMALL-TOWN CONGRESS

OBSOLESCENCE ON THE HILL

CHARLES RABB
Mr. Rabb is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

Washington, D.C.

There are two basic truths about the latest attempt to get Congress—and particularly the House—to reform its internal procedures: The proposals hardly constitute radical change; and, modest though they are, there is little hope for their enactment in their present form.

The battle for reform in this Congress was cranked up in February when twenty-six younger Republicans, under the leadership of Rep. Donald Rumsfeld (Ill.), introduced legislation which was essentially a duplicate of the measure that waltzed through the Senate by a 75-to-9 vote in March, 1967, and then went to the House Rules Committee, never to emerge in the remaining year and a half of the 90th Congress. Republicans, as the outs on Capitol Hill, have been noticeably the more enthusiastic advocates of retooling the machinery of Congress.

A similar group of Democrats lined up behind corresponding legislation offered by Rep. Thomas M. Rees (Calif.). A reform bill was also introduced in the Senate, but the real battleground is the House.

The basic aim of the reform proposals is to breathe a little democracy into the workings of the committee system. They would open more committee meetings to the public (in part, by using TV and radio), crack down on proxy voting, make all committee votes a matter of public record, assure adequate committee staff for the minority (instead of leaving it to the disposition of the chairman) and permit a majority of the committee to override the chairman if he refuses to call a meeting or report out a bill.

Committees would be permitted to hold hearings in the fall, when Congress is not in session, in order to prepare legislation for the first few months of Congress, traditionally a time of inaction. Congressional control of post office and service academy appointments would be ended and laws regulating lobbyists would be tightened. Another section would provide electronic data-processing equipment to enable Congress to come to grips with a budget of nearly $200 billion. Congress has been reluctant to move into the computer age, although it appropriates millions for a computerized federal bureaucracy.

Probably the greatest challenge to the arbitrary power of some chairmen is the proposed reform on proxy votes. Rumsfeld would slap a flat ban on proxy voting in House committees, but allow some leeway in the Senate, where committee responsibilities are heavier. As Rep. Barber B. Conable, Jr. (R., N.Y.), a co-sponsor, said:

"You cannot argue with a proxy; a proxy cannot consider an offered amendment; a proxy cannot compromise. No one suggests that proxy voting should be permitted on floor votes—yet a member's vote in a closely divided committee may be far more significant than the vote of a member on the floor on the same bill."

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Rees would end the practice of giving chairmen open proxies to vote as they see fit, but would permit proxies when put in writing and limited to a specified issue or amendment.

The proposals are less than revolutionary. They do not raise such fundamental issues as the lack of strong central leadership, the seniority system, or the Senate rules that make it difficult to contain a filibuster. Yet the fate of these modest proposals in the last Congress emphasizes the difficulty of getting Congress to reform itself.

The current move for reform began with the bipartisan Joint Committee on the Organization of Congress, created in March, 1965, in response to criticism that the legislative machinery was creaking. The committee heard more than 200 witnesses, conducted interviews with Congressmen, Congressional staff personnel and political scientists, evaluated published and unpublished Congressional reorganization studies, and amassed a printed record of more than 2,300 pages. Out of this came more than 100 recommendations for improving the legislative process. Bills incorporating the recommendations were introduced in the Senate by A. S. Monroney (D., Okla.) and in the House by Reps. Thomas B. Curtis (R., Mo.) and Ray J. Madden (D., Ind.).

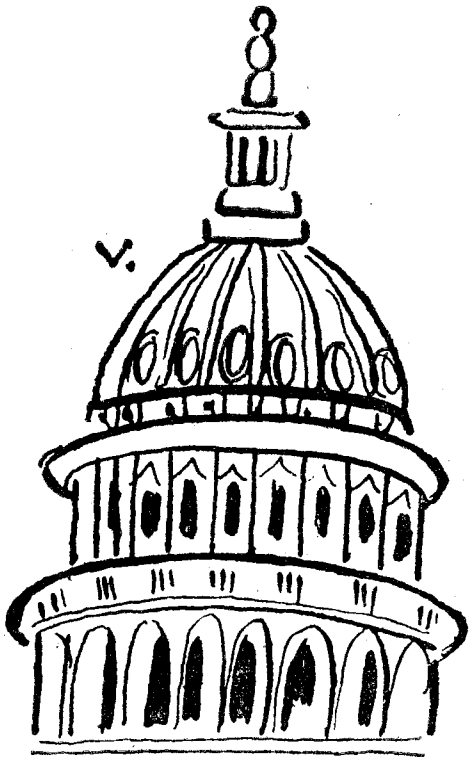
The Monroney bill passed the Senate almost intact. In the House, Speaker John W. McCormack (D., Mass.), instead of following the precedent of the 1946 Reorganization bill and bringing the measure directly to the floor, sent it to die in the Rules Committee. The Republicans—in resolutions, speeches and in their party platform at the national convention—labored unsuccessfully to build a fire under the Democratic leadership. They even forced the House into a marathon session last September, with endless quorum calls, in an effort to draw attention to inaction on Congressional reform.

During all this period, behind-the-scenes negotiators attempted to soften many of the key sections so they would be acceptable to Congressional elders. Representative Madden balked at the revisions as "skim milk changes; worse than nothing," and said if enacted they would muffle reform for nearly a generation. But in the end the proposals that survived were the sweeteners designed to make the whole package more palatable. Such goodies as extra trips back home at taxpayers' expense, August vacations and additional Capitol police were extracted from the bill and adopted piecemeal.

"The difficulty with legislation like the Reorganization Act for the legislative branch is that it really has no constituency," Rumsfeld told his colleagues. "It has no built-in lobby. It is a subject matter that is essentially our responsibility as legislators."

Representative Curtis, who served on the Joint Committee which drafted the reform recommendations, was more blunt in naming the culprits: "I would include," he said in an interview, "Speaker McCormack, Democratic Leader Carl Albert (Okla.), Democratic Whip Hale Boggs (La.) and the Democratic chairmen of most of the House committees as preventing action on these bills."

Rees professes a hopeful view of the chances for reform, although he concedes it won't happen soon, certainly not this year. He feels that Rep. Morris K. Udall's open



challenge to the Speaker has shaken the Democratic leadership and that some limited concessions are being offered.

The 77-year-old McCormack, whose base of power is built on the solid support of Southern Democrats who dominate the committees, has no inclination to shake up a system that has worked to his advantage. McCormack professes fealty to the cause of reform while refusing to endorse either bill as now written. The suspicion grows that if the pressures for reform build up, the Democratic leadership will put together something it can live with and call that reform. Meanwhile, the Speaker refuses to turn loose the necessary Democratic votes to liberate a meaningful bill from the Rules Committee.

In this respect he probably is no more committed to change than, say, Rep. William Colmer (D., Miss.), the Rules Committee chairman from Pascagoula, who limited hearings on the reform bill in the last Congress to part of a day in April, 1967. Or Rep. L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), the Armed Services Committee chairman from military payroll-heavy Charleston, who two years ago beat down an attempt by the White House and Senate conferees to overhaul the Selective Service system.

Most chairmen are obviously cold to attempts to legislate away any of their power; they are prepared to offer concessions informally, but decline to have them institutionalized. Many of these men come from rural or small-town America and have never reconciled themselves to the fact that this nation has changed radically, becoming predominantly urban, since they first entered Congress. The South has more one-party districts, and thus more chairmen, than any other section of the country. Texas alone supplies four House chairmen. In essence,

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those who hold the power in Congress are for the most part not in the mainstream. They are insulated from its major problems and thus immune to the pressures for change.

Robert Heilbroner, the economist, holds that the failure of Congress to deal with basic problems may be traced to the disproportionate influence exercised by small businessmen.

"The question that continually impresses and depresses me," he said, "is why is it that the most elementary adaptations are so slow; why aren't the cities cleaned up; why isn't this or that done? I think the reason it isn't done, by and large, is that it interferes with both the privileges and ideologies, not of big business but of small business, whose representative, in a large way, Congress really is."

Big business, he said, has learned to live and prosper with big government. "But little business—I don't mean just the man who runs the cleaning and dyeing establishment but also the small manufacturer—doesn't see this rosy vista. It sees itself beset by taxes and the pressures of government, and misses its great opportunities for profit.

"And when you ask why does Congress drag its heels, the answer is because it represents this point of view. The 10 million or 12 million small businessmen, whose economic weight is just a feather on the scale, have an enormous political power."

Rumsfeld feels that much imprecise legislation slips through the Congress because of the built-in inadequacies of the system: rules, procedures and operations are not sufficiently modern and efficient to deal intelligently and thoughtfully with today's problems.

It would be an obvious exaggeration to say that if Congress would put its own house in order the conflicts that bedevil many of our institutions would dissipate. But at a time when our democratic institutions are being challenged, procedure becomes a fundamental question. The decision-making institutions must be capable of responding to legitimate grievances. If they are not, they play into the hands of radicals committed to tearing down the system, and leave our institutions defenseless in a cross fire between the violent Left and the police state Right.

Mayor Lindsay of New York, in a speech delivered about the time when Eugene McCarthy began urging students to take their Vietnam protests off the streets and into the political system, issued a similar appeal.

"To those of you who would change the world, government is the most powerful—often the only—force capable of bringing change about," Lindsay told University of Southern California students in November, 1967. "If you want to ban the bomb, only government can do it. If you want to legalize pot, only government can do it. If you want to end the draft, only government can do it."

But if the system is institutionally incapable of responding, can such appeals have much effect?

HAITI: RIPE FOR THE MARINES?

RAYMOND ALCIDE JOSEPH
Mr. Joseph, a Haitian, holds an M.A. in social anthropology from the University of Chicago. He is secretary-general of the Haitian Coalition.

President François Duvalier of Haiti, who entered the twelfth year of his "revolution" last October 22, is only 62 years old. However, he is diabetic, suffered a heart attack in 1959, and is now thought to have cancer. Thus those troubled by what has come to be known as the "Haitian problem" are necessarily worried about the succession, for the 1964 constitution does not provide for a successor to the "President for Life," even in the case of incapacitation or death. How peaceful can a change be? Will another Cuba emerge? Will there be a repetition of the Dominican Republic nightmare of 1965? Can the Organization of American States (OAS) move swiftly to fill the vacuum? Or will the UN be called upon to undertake its first "peace-keeping" mission in the hemisphere?

The first black republic in the world, the first independent country in Latin America (1804), the one land in which black slaves defeated their masters (French) in battle, Haiti today is among the leading nations in illiteracy, poverty, oppression. Its 10,000 square miles (about the size of Maryland) are packed with some 4.5 million inhabitants, 95 per cent black and 80 per cent illiterate. Its next-door neighbor, the more prosperous Dominican Republic, occupies two-thirds of the island of Hispaniola with a population of only 3.5 million. Fifty miles northwest lies Communist Cuba and the mammoth American Guantánamo Navy base. These few facts, along with the U.S. policy of peace at any price, make the "Haitian problem" so volatile that it may explode at any moment.

President Duvalier, however, is confident that the Haitians face more of the same. Addressing some visiting B.B.C. journalists and members of the Haitian press on December 12, the Chief said: "This was misnamed a press conference. I am not having one. It is not a dialogue, neither a regular meeting. I am here to give you the Economic and Social Plan for 1968-69. . . . You will be the messengers of the New Gospel, the agents of good propaganda, and daily, on all occasions, you will put the emphasis on My thought and My conception. . . . You will dare, with me, to propagandize the second decade, years of economy and technology, years of the power of the Duvalierist Revolution, the Haitian Human Revolution." Before concluding his instructions to the press, the President reminded his audience that it had taken him eleven years to achieve "political consolidation"; now he was moving to implement programs for "social and economic consolidation."

These boasts may sound like a new beginning, but in

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fact they are hollow echoes of grand pronouncements that have characterized the "revolution" from its inception. The 1964 constitution bestowed "life Presidency" on Dr. Duvalier because he had already reached the pinnacle of political, social, cultural and economic achievements. But what has the President really accomplished?

He has destroyed the 6,000-man Haitian army, which was organized and trained by the American Marines during nineteen years of occupation (1915-34). Supplanting that army today is the "Volunteers of National Security," commonly known as Tonton Macoute (bogymen) and reported to number anywhere from 30,000 to 50,000. This unstructured organization is composed of local groups under the rule of local gang lords. Dr. Duvalier, self-styled "Effective Chief of the Armed Forces," makes these leaders accountable only to him. But they are never certain that some lesser one in the ranks will not report on them to the Chief. He encourages that sort of thing; it is the system whereby Duvalier has managed to remain so long on top of the bone pile of his real and imagined enemies.

To maintain the "Volunteers," taxes have risen as much as 100 and 150 per cent, while the International Monetary Fund (IMF) now puts the per capita income at $65, a drop of $10 in as many years. Yet the President restated his favorite promise last October: "I will not tire of telling you that, whatever our social needs . . . priority shall again and always be given to security."

Haitian social needs are legion. For example, in December, 1967, the Minister of Agriculture, Natural Resources and Rural Development wrote a memo (unpublished) about Haitian rural education. It says in part: "The number of rural schools is actually 495. . . . This insufficient number constitutes one of the crucial problems of our rural teaching system. This problem is a corollary to the great demographic expansion which affects the economic and social life of the country. In 1967 the schooled rural population was about 133,968 for public and private rural schools, from a school-age population numbering 1,151,-763." These figures were for children between 5 and 19. The report pointed out that in 1962-63, 19.29 per cent of the school-age population attended any school; in 1966-67 it had dropped to 16.65 per cent. The Minister, Louis Blanchet, was dismissed.

Since Duvalier is himself a doctor, one might expect that health, education and medical care would receive proper attention. But there is only one doctor for 10,000 Haitians, and even that figure is misleading because doctors do not work in the rural areas, where 85 per cent of the population live. The political and the resulting economic policies of Dr. Duvalier have driven 1,000 Haitian physicians to the United States, Canada, Africa and Latin America. Haitian nurses are to be found in almost every New York, Chicago and Montreal hospital. It is well known that more developed countries draw technicians from underdeveloped areas, but in the case of Haiti one can hardly separate this emigration from the political oppression which is at the root of "the Haitian Problem."

The President allegedly put the country on a "stable economic and financial footing" five years ago, but September, 1968, disappeared from the calendar when time came to pay public employees. A *New York Times* story termed the Duvalier action "another dazzling example of magic." More magic has since taken place, for now three months have gone by with no pay for the schoolteachers and other civil servants. By late February and early March one month was being paid, but no one dared ask which one. Good-natured even in adversity, Haitians have nicknamed it "the unknown month."

Despite this payroll embarrassment, the President (his yearly salary is $20,000) was able to buy two mansions

Drawings by Adolf Dehn

in January, 1968, for $575,000. One of the châteaux, which cost Duvalier only about $200,000, he sold to the state in February for $600,000. A decree has just designated it a "Welcoming Villa" for visiting dignitaries, a sort of Haitian Blair House. On November 22, a flood killed about 100 people in Cap-Haitien, Haiti's second largest city, and made countless others homeless. The wealthy Chief of State did not send one penny of relief, yet on December 14 he published in the local press his gift of $20,000 for the renewal of the Port-au-Prince cathedral.

The road system is collapsing. Six years ago one could drive from Port-au-Prince to Cap-Haitien, 175 miles, in five hours. Today the trip takes eight to ten hours—if you have a four-wheel drive jeep. As the highways deteriorate, the 19-year-old son of the Chief grumbles that Haiti is "too backward," that there are no roads for his five late-model cars. Perhaps this complaint explains in part the President's new project of building a

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main route to the south, which inches along at eight miles a year. One also wonders how much use Duvalier gets from his $25,000 Mercedes-Benz, a birthday present last April 14 from an employee of the state.

Coffee, the backbone of the Haitian economy, has suffered both in production and in world market prices. From its peak of 50,000 tons six years ago, last year's crop was down to 27,500 tons. A crisis of currency exchange necessarily resulted and American companies in Haiti have considered closing down. In fact the Caribbean Flour Mills, owned by the Murchisons of Texas, ceased operations last May. The Murchisons had trouble exchanging *gourdes* (local currency) into American dollars.

Another American concern, the Haitian American Meat Packing Company (HAMPCO) considered pulling out for a different reason. Also controlled by Texas financiers (even Bobby Baker got a share from every pound of meat), HAMPCO ran into difficulties when President Duvalier forbade private airplanes to fly into Port-au-Prince. (On May 20, 1968, Haitian exiles had nearly succeeded in bombing the Presidential palace from private planes.) Since HAMPCO makes most of its profits by flying processed Haitian beef to Puerto Rico, the ban worked a considerable hardship. The President rescinded his order.

The policies of Duvalier have lost the country its share of the tourist boom in the Caribbean. Twelve years ago about 100,000 tourists yearly visited Haiti and spent some $12 million. Last year less than 20,000 stopped there, spending about $1.5 million.

The Committee of the Alliance for Progress undertook a study of the Haitian situation and published a report in 1966 which said that Haiti must establish a "political and administrative climate . . . in a framework of law and order," if international organizations, both official and private, were to operate successfully. The report particularly mentioned the Régie du Tabac as an organization which levies innumerable taxes without any controls. Founded early in the "Duvalier era," the Régie was intended to operate the tobacco monopoly. It has since served the President as an all-purpose agency which may tax everything, from Cadillacs to candy. An unofficial estimate puts its intake at $10 million to $15 million a year. Only the President and the director, Henry Siclait, know what becomes of these funds. A late report has it that the President intends to turn the Régie over to his prodigal daughter and her husband, who have just returned to the fold from exile in Europe. The International Monetary Fund (IMF) also became aware of Dr. Duvalier's financial shenanigans and in September, 1967, recalled its official representative from Port-au-Prince, leaving the regime to its own financial devices.

With ever dwindling revenues and a skyrocketing public debt, Dr. Duvalier has for some time engaged in a program of issuing bonds, redeemable years hence. The crooked part of the operation is that close associates of the President, and even the Chief himself, have kept some of the bonds which have been placed in safe deposit vaults abroad, especially in those of New York banks. The citizens eventually caught on and the sale of bonds fell to a trickle. Whereupon the money-wise Chief instituted special government lotteries, which are obligatory for all salaried employees of the state and even those of certain private businesses. Again, theft accompanies greed, for the President has often arranged for himself, his close collaborators and even his son-in-law to win the top prizes. The newest money venture is the sale of the *Thoughts* of Duvalier, a vest-sized booklet which answers questions in the manner of Mao. At 60c a copy, the President counts on making a fortune from his *Thoughts*, which is required reading in every Haitian home. The more voluminous *Essential Works of Duvalier*, a conglomeration of speeches and even a Hebrew translation of a Duvalier booklet, have been sold to government employees at $15 the set. The President ordered all departments to deduct that amount from employees' pay. And the employees had already paid for the books in taxes, for they are produced at the Government Printing Office, at government expense.

At one time, the President began talking about "The Snake and the bottle of milk." No one quite understood. Then the fable was printed in a government newspaper: The snake got inside the bottle and drank all the milk. Thus it became too fat and could escape only by vomiting the milk back into the bottle. The President has applied the moral to some of his close associates by confiscating their lucrative businesses. The most famous case is that of Clémart Joseph Charles, Duvalier's personal banker. Mr. Charles was arrested in July, 1967, and his Commercial Bank was turned over to an organization euphemistically called "Mixed Enterprises of the State." Thirty-three other businesses of Mr. Charles, including car and life insurance for state employees, were seized. After eight months in jail, Mr. Charles was released, his wealth all back in the bottle.

Duvalier has shown sound judgment in not attacking American interests in Haiti. For a while, last summer, everyone thought a showdown might have come, because one of Duvalier's Tonton Macoute leaders was threatening to confiscate some plots of land belonging to the Haitian American Sugar Company (HASCO), owned by the Clark Brothers of New York. A quick visit to Port-au-Prince by an employee of the company cooled the situation. Reynolds Aluminum, which is exploiting bauxite in southwest Haiti, may soon feel the pinch, for Duvalier would like a gift from them in exchange for discouraging wage demands by the workers. It is known that Duvalier has often extracted money from foreign companies and businesses to keep things on an even keel.

Dr. Duvalier obviously cares very little about economic and social development for Haiti; his forte is political power "for life." Inasmuch as he has supposedly enjoyed "consolidated political power" since 1964, Duvalier shows a strange obsession with security. He is, of course, aware that the political factions he "reconciled" by fiat await an occasion to dislodge him. That explains the execution on June 8, 1967 of nineteen officers of the Palace Guard. The President claimed that they were plotting his overthrow in cahoots with his son-in-law, Lieut. Col. Max Dominique. Twenty-four hours after a kangaroo military court had passed sentence, the Presi-

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dent hastened to carry it out; he allowed the prisoners no time for appeal, although in the case of capital punishment that is provided for in his own constitution. Months later, the "Spiritual Chief of the Nation" explained to an Agence France-Presse reporter that he felt it was his "personal duty to carry out the verdict of the court." That is why "I personally commanded the platoon of execution." And the world says nothing.

In the aftermath of this affair, the security-conscious President exiled his son-in-law to Spain, together with the latter's wife and Duvalier's youngest daughter, who was in love with one of the executed officers. The son-in-law was then condemned to death *in absentia*, while his brothers and friends took refuge in Latin American embassies. His bodyguards were shot and his father was incarcerated for more than ten months. Colonel Dominique has since been pardoned and given the ceremonial title of General Inspector of Embassies and Consulates, with headquarters in Paris. His wife has been named personal secretary to Duvalier, with headquarters at the Presidential palace in Port-au-Prince. As this article goes to press Dominique is reported to be back in Haiti. Is he to be the successor? The only other son-in-law of the Chief, Minister of Tourism Luc Albert Foucard, was for some time considered the undeclared heir, but he fell from grace last October.

Names of those—old and young, men, women and children—executed by Duvalier during the past twelve years for the "security of the state" have been published by the internal resistance. The list would mean little to people not intimately concerned, but two executions in the last fifteen months show how the President proceeds. On December 26, 1967, a public employee (Clovis Lestrade) who had complained about not being paid by the government, was taken to an empty lot in Cap-Haitien and shot for having "attacked the economic structure" of the state. On April 2, 1968, another man, Rodrigue Robinson, was shot before a market crowd—and before his pregnant wife—at the Port-au-Prince suburb of Croix-des-Bouquets. He had allegedly refused to give money to a Tonton Macoute leader. His body was thrown into an open jeep and taken to the Chief at the palace. Perhaps the most pitiful incident is that of a 2-year-old boy, ordered kidnapped by the President in vengeance against his father who was suspected of being an active oppositionist. The parents, who now live in New York, wait in vain for word.

The economic, social and political policies of Dr. Duvalier have forced not only the educated few but Haitians en masse to flee the country. In December, 1966, President Joaquin Balaguer of the Dominican Republic, declared that 300,000 Haitians were illegally in his country, most of them cane cutters. Balaguer complained that the Haitians were causing problems, mentioning prostitution and gambling. Nevertheless, his government signed a contract with Duvalier to import 20,000 Haitian laborers a year. The loading of Haitians aboard Dominican Navy ships recalled the African slave trade of the 17th and 18th centuries. President Duvalier cleared an initial fee of $59 per laborer, delivered. Beyond that, an undisclosed amount was deducted from every laborer's pay, to be deposited in Haitian "trust funds" which the workers never regained.

Under pressure from Haitian exile leaders in New York, from Andrew McClellan of the AFL-CIO, from humane Dominican journalists and Dominican members of Congress, the Balaguer government canceled the contract within a year. Furthermore, the Dominican Republic closed its border with Haiti. Thereupon, in June of 1968, Duvalier notified Balaguer that the Dominicans had stolen some 94,000 acres of Haitian land. The Dominican President ordered hunting rifles to be distributed to peasants in

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border areas. All this sounds like a return to 1937, when thousands of Haitians were massacred in the Dominican Republic on orders of Trujillo, whom Duvalier now calls "a great patriot."

The other country with a large recent contingent of Haitians is the United States; some 75,000 have arrived, 35,000 to 50,000 settling in the New York area alone. Haitians here grumble about the cold and the hard life, but the overwhelming majority would not go home to stay, even with a new government. If the regime changed, however, most Haitians would not fear to visit their country.

The economic and political refugees who feel most uncertain about their future are the 15,000 who have emigrated to the Bahamas during the rule of the "Apostle of the Humble Ones." The Bahamas, whose nearest island is 70 miles from Haiti, provided the only escape for Haitians who could no longer cross over into the Dominican Republic, go to Cuba, or be granted a precious immigrant visa to the United States. By 1967, Haitians were entering the Bahamas by the thousands, and the Bahamian Government was deporting them back to Haiti at the same rate. Duvalier's men made a fortune in this illegal migration, for they extracted anywhere from $100 to $160 per head to help the Haitians get to the Bahamas, where work was supposed to be plentiful.

Young Haitians who flee to the Bahamas today find that they are hunted there like big game. So they live in the wilds, training themselves to go home as "freedom fighters." On March 26, 1968, seventy-eight of these men were arrested on a deserted Bahamian isle. Sentenced to jail until December 18, sixty are still illegally held at Her Majesty the Queen of England's Fox Hill jail in Nassau, waiting until a "friendly country" will receive them. The United States has already accepted seventeen as regular immigrants; one died of a heart attack. But "friendly countries" are not plentiful in the Western Hemisphere and these unfortunate men and some others, including a woman with an 18-month-old baby, face the prospect of remaining in jail for the balance of President Duvalier's life.

On May 20, 1968, a small band of Haitians from the Bahamas landed in Cap-Haitien. The challenge to Duvalier failed but not before the patriots had seized the airport and the military commander of the region, who was later killed. They were brave men, but their leaders deserted them in the thick of the battle. With more resolute command, the outcome might well have been different. The invasion set off a wave of arrests of Haitians throughout the Bahamas. Now, while Haitians lie in jail, the Bahamian Government is about to sign a contract, like the Duvalier-Balaguer agreement of 1966, to bring in workers. Last February 2, only two weeks after four Haitians were condemned to death in Nassau on trumped-up charges of having "conspired" to assassinate Duvalier's consul in Freeport, the Prime Minister of the Bahamas stopped in Port-au-Prince on his way to a conference in Trinidad. He reviewed a battalion of Duvalier's Palace Guard, "lifted a glass to toast the health" of the President for Life, received Duvalier's books as gifts. Haitian exiles in New York protested the visit and even picketed a Bahamas Tourist Night at the Overseas Press Club in New York. This marks a new boldness in the exiles, who have always feared that Duvalier would retaliate against their relatives at home for their actions abroad.

As some Haitians try to succor those in distress in the Bahamas, others train for another try at Duvalier. On March 12, American authorities raided a camp in the Florida Everglades. Thirteen men were captured—one American, one Canadian and eleven Haitians. The Haitian consul in Miami declared that his information put the authorities on the right track and one cannot but wonder whether the famous "International Police of Duvalier," which is publicly hailed as "working well in the Bahamas," may also be at work in the United States. No one paid much attention to Trujillo's "International Police" until Prof. Jesús de Galindez was kidnapped from Columbia University and an attempt was made on the life of former President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela.

The Communists in Haiti have announced that the Parti d'Entente Populaire (PEP) and the Parti Unifié Démokrat Aisyin (PUDA) have united to form the Parti Unifié Communistes Haitiens (PUCH), which will now publish an organ, *Torch*, in Haiti. Radio Havana continues to beam two hours daily in Creole and one in French to the Haitians, extolling the ways of communism as a defiance against the "American imperialists."

A pro-democratic opposition, the Haitian Coalition, has been working for the last four years on an internal network and a grouping of the professionals and intellectuals abroad, with the purpose of presenting an alternative to the extremes. It has presented the most coherent plan to date for a post-Duvalier government, emphasizing the problems of illiteracy, poverty, superstition and oppression. It has requested help of Haitians and foreigners alike. With a membership of 3,000 abroad and countless sympathizers at home, the Haitian Coalition represents the biggest threat to the regime, and Duvalier has vowed to destroy it.

Everyone came to believe that Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, "Benefactor of the Dominican Nation," was irreplaceable, a demigod who would live forever. He was cut down on an April night, eight years ago. Attempts at patching up the old Trujillo system failed. After four years of intermittent crises, Santo Domingo was in chaos. Then, 30,000 American Marines landed at Santo Domingo in 1965 to "save human lives." Later we learned that they really went in to stop "Communists" from setting up another base in the Caribbean.

Dr. Duvalier expects to be helped by President Nixon. He has been publishing in his servile press recollections of the good relations with the Eisenhower administration, saying that he knows Mr. Nixon will be sympathetic to the Haitian people who gave him such a wonderful welcome to their country in 1955. A Duvalier lobbyist, the Rev. Jack L. Walker, has given interviews to the Haitian press in which he speaks of a "crusade" intended to reinstate American aid, cut in 1963 by President Kennedy. Mr. Walker sounds optimistic about enlisting the help of Evangelists Oral Roberts and Billy Graham in his campaign to reach the ears of President Nixon. A spokesman for Roberts' organization has, however, denied any political ties with the Haitian regime.

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Other stories in the Haitian press speak of a visit from Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, as personal envoy of President Nixon. The friendlier attitude of U.S. Ambassador Claude Ross toward Duvalier has also been pointed to as the dawn of a new policy tending to accept Duvalier as he is.

If Duvalier can, with impunity, flout the Charter of the OAS which requires periodic elections of its members, if he can violate Human Rights and block the Human Rights Commission of the OAS from investigating gross crimes of his government, if he can denounce OAS conventions on the rights of asylum, if he can continue to rob his nation in the face of an apathetic hemisphere, and at the same time claim his rights to receive aid from the lending institutions of that hemisphere—if, in short, he can continue his cruel effrontery, the United States and the countries of the OAS will in effect tell Haitians that the only solution is force. Thus Haitians will continue to organize the so-called "invasions" and plots, and the United States and the other countries will continue to arrest the freedom lovers. And Duvalier will continue to boast about the many "friends" who have helped to maintain him in power.

As long as the policies of the State Department dictate that it must maintain a friendly attitude toward the Duvalier regime, it will be hard to convince Haitians that the Americans have no responsibility for what goes on in a little country so close to them and which could be properly influenced if the right pressures were systematically applied.

When the end finally comes, there is no doubt that Haitian opinion will be quite anti-American. To prevent the "Communists" from establishing another beachhead, much will be said of the hemisphere's duty to save human lives endangered by the predictable chaos. And saviors, speaking foreign tongues, will belatedly rush to the rescue of a prostrate nation.

JOURNAL OF ABUSE

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S *UNION LEADER*

W. DAVID GARDNER
Mr. Gardner is a former newspaper man who is now freelancing.

As Election Day approached in New Hampshire last fall, Gov. John King's displeasure with the *Manchester Union Leader* became increasingly apparent to the public. The Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate, King had been under unrelenting attack from the *Union Leader*, which is the only state-wide paper in New Hampshire. For weeks, the paper had been calling the Governor a liar. Some headlines on its front-page editorials were: "Come Up Out Of The Mud, Governor!" . . . "Thou Shalt Not Lie!" . . . "Gov. King Should Tell the Truth!"

The one that stung the most appeared a few days before the election when the *Union Leader*'s publisher, William Loeb, compared Governor King to both "Adolf Hitler and the Communists" in a page-one editorial. The angry Governor scheduled a press conference in Boston, hoping to draw the Massachusetts press into the campaign. The Boston newspapers and television stations have large audiences in New Hampshire and Governor King felt they could offset the *Union Leader* attacks if they would cover the New Hampshire campaign. It was a good idea, but it didn't work. For his efforts, King got a few short news stories on the inside pages of the Boston papers and a handful of brief television interviews.

All this was offset back in New Hampshire by the *Union Leader*, which observed that the Governor had commandeered a state trooper and a state car to drive him to Boston for the press conference. "We wonder how this will sit with voters and taxpayers." The paper said King was desperate because a *Union Leader* poll predicted that he would lose the Senate race by a wide margin. The next week Governor King did indeed lose by a wide margin—to incumbent Sen. Norris Cotton, whose campaign, as it appeared in the pages of the *Union Leader*, consisted primarily of posing for photographs that appeared in that paper.

All candidates supported by Loeb's paper do not win in New Hampshire, of course, but its state-wide monopoly and its aggressive involvement in state politics often give it the balance of power in political contests. Many newspapers involve themselves more or less subtly in politics; the *Union Leader* approaches the New Hampshire political scene as though it were racing to a three-alarm fire.

The *Union Leader* operates from a position of strength that is based on a four-way monopoly: Besides being the only state-wide paper in New Hampshire, it is the only morning paper; its Sunday edition, the *Sunday News*, is the only Sunday paper; and it is the only paper in Manchester, the state's largest city. Day in and day out, New Hampshire residents and politicians must rely on the *Union Leader* for the only comprehensive state-wide news coverage.

The paper's monopoly is solid; no one could dent it without spending a few million dollars. And unfortunately, as is usually the case with newspapers, the key to the *Union Leader*'s monopoly strength is not its news coverage but its advertising. There are enough Manchester merchants with enough advertising money to underwrite the expensive state-wide distribution costs of the paper. The paper's only logical state-wide competitor is the *Concord Monitor* which, besides being located in the capital, is more centrally situated in the state than is the *Union Leader*. The city of Concord, however, is too small to produce

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the advertising needed for the expensive all-state distribution.

The *Union Leader* becomes a factor in national politics every four years because many national candidates must risk the paper's teeth in the New Hampshire Presidential primary. In some of these races the *Union Leader* has been completely ineffective; for instance, it failed to turn back the 1960 Democratic primary victory of John Kennedy and the 1964 Republican triumph of Henry Cabot Lodge. In both cases, the candidates from Massachusetts had too much over-the-border strength for the *Union Leader* to overcome.

But in 1968, it was a different story. When Richard Nixon met with Loeb in Boston to discuss the upcoming New Hampshire primary, he was still fighting his loser image. Indeed, few then thought he would ever rid himself of it. Loeb pledged the *Union Leader*'s support, but while it certainly helped Nixon directly, its important chore was to undercut his primary opponent, George Romney. Romney's New Hampshire advisers had warned him to stay out of the Granite State primary. They believed that it would in any case be extremely difficult to defeat Nixon in New Hampshire, and they were particularly worried about the impossibility of countering *Union Leader* hostility. Romney ignored the advice; his candidacy got nowhere in New Hampshire, and he dropped from the Presidential race. As it turned out, Nixon never faced another challenge in the primaries and sailed smoothly to the White House. If Romney had made a decent showing in New Hampshire—which would have required at least *Union Leader* neutrality—he would have gone on to primaries in states where his candidacy was stronger.

In the Democratic primary last year, the *Union Leader*'s attacks on Eugene McCarthy—Loeb called McCarthy a "skunk" and his followers "murderers"—certainly cost the candidate votes across the state. But McCarthy's showing was helped (he won 42 per cent of the Democratic vote) when the *Union Leader*'s domination of state news was upset temporarily by the Boston newspapers and television stations and the national television networks. All gave extensive coverage to the McCarthy campaign (while George Romney was virtually ignored).

Presidential primaries, however, are the only continuing event in New Hampshire that attracts more than passing attention from out-of-state media. It follows, then, that the *Union Leader*'s influence is strongest in state politics, where it encounters no effective competition. Any candidate for major office in New Hampshire, regardless of race, religion, creed or party, will receive *Union Leader* support if he reflects the political philosophy of the paper. This means that the candidate must favor escalation of the war in Vietnam, be anti-civil rights, anti-tax and, above all, militantly anti-Communist. These tenets—summed up by the editors as "progressive conservatism"—are not always held by the available politicians, even in conservative New Hampshire, so from time to time the *Union Leader* creates its own. The paper and its publisher will recruit an ultraconservative candidate, raise funds for him, give him a forum and undercut his opponent.

In the view of the *Union Leader*, the most important public figure in the state of New Hampshire this winter is one of publisher Loeb's mountain-climbing friends, Meldrim Thomson. Last fall, the paper plucked Thomson, a law-book publisher, from obscurity and ran him for governor. During the Republican primary the *Union Leader* promoted Thomson heavily and he came within 4,000 votes of defeating Walter Peterson who went on to win the office.

When the *Union Leader* decided to back Thomson, the two most interesting items in his political background were that he had lost his most recent attempt at political office, a local school committee race, and that he lost his only prior attempt at state office, a state legislature contest. The paper is now keeping Thomson before the public eye, apparently for use in future political battles. *Union Leader* reporters and photographers follow him around the state and record his comings and goings as though he were a prominent public figure. Thomson is now a regular columnist for the paper.

Another recent *Union Leader* "instant candidate" was retired Air Force Brig. Gen. Harrison Thyng. General Thyng hadn't lived in New Hampshire for more than twenty-five years, but a *Union Leader* editor talked the hawk into retiring from the Air Force and moving to New Hampshire to run in the 1966 U.S. Senate race. Loeb, with his multitudinous contacts among the country's ultraconservatives, was an able fund raiser for Thyng. Right-wing money flowed in from California, Texas and New York, quickly filling the General's campaign chest. One contributor was the normally parsimonious H. L. Hunt of Dallas, who chipped in $3,500. More than 90 per cent of Thyng's contributions came from out-of-state sources.

The *Union Leader* flailed away at the other candidates and boomed General Thyng. ("The only people opposing Harry Thyng in New Hampshire are the left-wing, anti-God, anti-patriotism newspaper publishers and the usual Ivy League eggheads, who are also against God and country and are in favor of world government and appeasement.") Thyng won the primary, defeating such established New Hampshire politicians as former Govs. Wesley Powell and Lane Dwinnel; Mrs. Doloris Bridges, the widow of former U.S. Sen. Styles Bridges, and William Johnson, the able state Republican chairman who had been coming on fast in New Hampshire politics.

As the general election approached, however, Thyng began to have problems. The General was the gruff martial type, and when he campaigned he gave the unhappy impression that he was inspecting troops rather than soliciting votes. He was also inarticulate. Loeb jumped into the campaign himself, challenging Sen. Thomas McIntyre, the Democratic candidate, to a television debate. Senator McIntyre used the incident to underscore Democratic charges that General Thyng was Loeb's puppet, and Loeb played into the Senator's hands by going on the screen alone, blasting Senator McIntyre for "vile attacks" against his newspaper. New Hampshire voters, who were already suspicious about the Southern drawl General Thyng had picked up in the Air Force and of all that Texas oil money, began now to wonder exactly who the real Re-

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publican candidate was—Loeb or Thyng? On Election Day, McIntyre emerged the victor, by a vote of 123,000 to 105,000.

Although the *Union Leader* had not been able to elect its candidate, the paper had achieved one of its important secondary goals; it stopped William Johnson, the GOP state chairman. The defeat was an exasperating experience for Johnson, who was similarly frustrated by the *Union Leader* when he managed the unsuccessful New Hampshire Presidential campaigns of Nelson Rockefeller in 1964 and George Romney in 1968. "Because of the *Union Leader*," says Johnson, "there is a real media problem in New Hampshire. When the *Union Leader* attacks you, you've got to fight back. The problem is you can't fight back effectively."

Johnson sees the political power of the paper rippling out in concentric circles, with its influence strongest among the 5,000 persons actively involved in state politics and weakening gradually as it moves to the general elections at the periphery. Nearly all of the state's active politicians read the *Union Leader*, and as evidence of its influence among them, Johnson remembers that nearly all of seven prominent Republicans who declined to enter the 1966 Senate race cited the paper as a key factor for declining. "It seemed to be a common denominator of concern," Johnson recalls. "They didn't want to subject their families to the *Union Leader*'s abuse."

According to Johnson, the *Union Leader*'s second circle of political influence is the primaries. The New Hampshire Republican Committee has sponsored two professional polls of Republican voters in recent years and they revealed that between 40 and 45 per cent of New Hampshire Republicans likely to vote in primaries are *Union Leader* readers. Johnson says: "We found that the kind of guy who votes in primaries is interested in his state and as a consequence he reads the only state-wide paper."

Precise evaluations of press influence in politics are impossible to make. Still, Eric Veblen, a former Dartmouth student writing his Yale doctoral dissertation on the impact of the *Union Leader*, went through six years of the paper recently and found that the more news coverage and editorial support Senatorial and gubernatorial candidates received from the *Union Leader*, the better they did in the highly concentrated *Union Leader* circulation area in Manchester, as compared with their showings in the rest of the state.

An endless debate in New Hampshire revolves around the *Union Leader* and the political and social philosophies of the people who live there. Does the paper mold the attitudes of the state's inhabitants or does it reflect them? It probably works both ways. A comparison of New Hampshire with neighboring Vermont and Maine indicates that the *Union Leader* may do a good deal to shape the political climate of its state. The three states are strikingly similar. Like New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine have what would appear to be conservative populations. A Yankee Protestant main line dates back for centuries and, in the mill towns and mill cities, there are heavy concentrations of Catholic immigrant groups, particularly French Canadian. Yet, Vermont and Maine have been electing liberal politicians ever since World War I. New Hampshire has not. Vermont produced Philip Hoff and Maine produced Edmund Muskie. The closest New Hampshire has come to electing "liberal" politicians are Senator McIntyre and former Governor King, both of whom will be remembered for their all-out support of Lyndon Johnson and the continuance of his policy for Vietnam during last year's Presidential primary. And the only striking difference between New Hampshire and Vermont and Maine is that New Hampshire's press is dominated by the *Union Leader*.

Thus far, the *Union Leader* has never encountered any effective state competition. New Hampshire's only commercial television station, in Manchester, has a thin slice of the state's television audience, but the overwhelming majority watches the Boston stations. The *Union Leader*'s biggest press competition is eight small daily afternoon papers that are scattered throughout the state. They have a combined circulation of 90,000, compared with the *Union Leader*'s 60,000. However, the influence of the eight dailies is confined to their own localities. And all eight dailies put together are not as strong as the *Union Leader*, because they cannot speak with a single voice. Some, in fact, are very conservative and tend to reinforce the *Union Leader*'s impact.

The small dailies get most of their state news from the Associated Press and United Press International, which are careful not to offend the *Union Leader*, their biggest New Hampshire client. When the *Concord Monitor* broke the story that a Teamsters union pension fund had loaned the *Union Leader* $2 million, the AP and UPI refused to move the story, although it had been offered to both wire services by the Concord paper's editor.

Does the influence of the *Union Leader* extend beyond state politics? Gordon Hall, an authority on extremist movements, believes it does. He thinks it is largely responsible for a streak of "primitive right-wing extremism" that runs through the state. To illustrate, Hall cites the

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"There is nothing so powerful as truth"
—DANIEL WEBSTER
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paper's coverage of the John Birch Society. Its rallies and meetings are given favorable publicity and Birch Society front groups open bookstores without being identified as such by the paper. Hall has found that newspapers in other New England states expose Birch Society bookstores and the publicity usually kills them. Officially, the *Union Leader* does not approve of the John Birch Society, but the paper regularly runs columns and articles by Birchers without mentioning their connection with the Birch Society.

Another who thinks the *Union Leader* is a powerful force in everyday New Hampshire life is Donald Murray, an English professor who heads the journalism curriculum at the University of New Hampshire. A former newspaper man who won a Pulitzer Prize at the *Boston Herald*, Murray has found that many of his students have been "semi-indoctrinated" by Loeb's paper. "For many students, the *Union Leader* has been the only paper they've read at home," says Murray. "And most of them have been looking up to it. We have to retrain a lot of them when they come here to school."

A stranger to New Hampshire who reads the *Union Leader* gets the feeling that he is back in the period of Joe McCarthy. According to the *Union Leader*, the Communists are everywhere: they have infiltrated the churches, the schools, the communications media, the YWCA. The endless anti-Red litany is underscored by a gloomy pessimism. In the view of the *Union Leader*, the United States loses in virtually every confrontation with the Communists, whether it be the Korean and Vietnamese Wars or the more frequent losses and stalemates in space and foreign affairs.

Anyone writing a letter endorsing a *Union Leader* stand is likely to find his words splashed across the top of the front page. On the other hand, many who have written critical letters complain that publication is held up until debate on the issue in question has passed. Even then, the letter is buried in a sea of letters from the far Right. The *Union Leader*, which published nearly 6,000 letters in 1968, claims to use more letters than any other daily newspaper in the country. Most of the writers echo the newspaper's right-wing line and many letters come from nationally known ultraconservatives. H. L. Hunt is a faithful correspondent.

The *Union Leader* carries no liberal or moderate columnists. Indeed, William F. Buckley, Jr., reads like a liberal when he appears in its pages. The paper's most lively columnist is publisher Loeb. Each week, he devotes two or three of his front-page editorials to excoriating enemies, in the old-style personal journalism of Hearst-Pulitzer. Since Loeb regards just about everyone to the left of the far-Right fringe as threats to the American way of life, he has at one time or another roasted most of the country's prominent politicians and activists. In his rhetoric, President Eisenhower was "Dopey Dwight" and "that stinking hypocrite." President Truman was "the little dictator." Republican Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine is "Moscow Maggie." And Martin Luther King "really asked for what happened to him." Those of Loeb's enemies who aren't too sensitive joke that they become members of the "Loebsters Club" when they are first knocked in a front-page editorial. After a second editorial, they receive the "Loebel Prize." When they try to counter with a letter to the editor or a paid ad, they often receive another front-page blast for their efforts.

But Loeb's enemies who look for a face-to-face meeting are usually disappointed. He maintains his legal residence in Reno, Nev., and when he is in the East he lives in a Boston suburb. He seldom visits New Hampshire, but keeps in constant touch with Manchester by mail and phone.

The reporters and editors of the *Union Leader* subscribe to the newspaper's line, which is to say that they tend to be ultraconservative. Although their opinions occasionally creep into news stories, as a group they are the most competent newspaper men in the state and, because of them, the paper is well written, well edited and has an attractive layout. Judging by the fact that most of them have been at the *Union Leader* for many years, the staff must be happy there. By newspaper standards, they are paid well and in years when profits have been good, employees shared in them. This practice, although common in many industries, is not often seen in the newspaper business. Another example of the *Union Leader*'s paternalism is the fact that Loeb and his wife plan to leave the paper to the employees when they die.

Publishers don't like Loeb and the feeling is mutual. "I went to a meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers Association once," says Loeb, who is as outspoken in person as he is in print, "and the pomposity almost blew me out. I just don't know how they take themselves seriously." Always the maverick, Loeb refuses to join publishers' associations. He says American publishers and their products are dull. The adjective has never been used to describe Loeb or the *Union Leader*.

At 63, William Loeb is as he has been for decades—in perpetual combat, a bantam rooster. There has been no mellowing with age. He is a lawyer's meal ticket since he and his newspaper have been in fairly constant litigation through the years. Even Loeb's mother once sued him. One gets the impression that he would be unhappy if he were not in the middle of a raging controversy.

The publisher takes his arguments seriously. He carries guns; his estate is floodlighted at night; he keeps a watchdog, and he has had an alarm installed in his car. Yet Loeb is cordial and friendly—"charming" is the word commonly used to describe him, even by his most bitter enemies.

Of all the personalities and issues that influence Loeb and his paper, the most incendiary are the Kennedys. Of President John Kennedy ("Tricky Jack"), the *Union Leader* asked: "When we have Kennedy for President, who needs Khrushchev for an enemy?" Sen. Robert Kennedy was "the most vicious, vindictive, egotistical man on the face of the earth" and Sen. Edward Kennedy "is just plain stupid." Even Jacqueline Kennedy did not escape. In mentioning her conduct at the funerals of President Kennedy and Sen. Robert Kennedy, Loeb wrote: "Jacqueline Kennedy is, indeed, a superb actress whose performances at two funerals would have won an Oscar had they been

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Hollywood movie scripts." As a rule, the Kennedys pay no attention to public insults, but even they find it impossible to ignore the *Union Leader*. In a rare slip of his temper, John Kennedy once called the *Union Leader* "the most irresponsible newspaper in the country."

Any enemy of the Kennedys is a friend of the *Union Leader*, the most prominent of these being jailed Teamsters leader James Hoffa. Loeb says that he and Hoffa found immediate common ground in a shared animosity toward Robert Kennedy. When Loeb and Hoffa first met in 1963, the *Union Leader* was in serious financial trouble after an unsuccessful newspaper venture in Haverhill, Mass., that cost nearly $6 million. Hoffa, not unaware that Loeb could be counted upon to hold Robert Kennedy's feet to the coals if he entered the New Hampshire Presidential primary, staked the *Union Leader* to a $2 million loan from a Teamsters pension fund. The grateful publisher wrote that Hoffa had "saved" his paper from a "group of liberal Kennedy publishers."

Since Hoffa began his prison term, the *Union Leader* has been crusading with the zeal of a holy mission to spring him. At regular intervals, the paper sends a reporter out across the country, to investigate what it calls the "Gestapo type tactics" that Robert Kennedy and Justice Department officials used to indict Hoffa.

Robert Kennedy had always considered the *Union Leader* to be the "worst newspaper" in the country. But, during last year's Presidential primary campaign in Indiana, he changed his mind and awarded his "worst newspaper" distinction to the *Indianapolis Star*, also ultraconservative. However, Senator Kennedy had been a candidate in the Indiana primary and had not entered in New Hampshire. Had he collided with the *Union Leader*, it is doubtful that he would have changed his mind.

RETREAT TO XENOPHOBIA

A YEAR LATER IN MEMPHIS

HENRY P. LEIFERMANN
Mr. Leifermann covers civil rights in the South for UPI. He was in Memphis on the day Dr. King was shot, and has returned there several times since.

Since Thursday, April 4, 1968, Memphis, Tenn., has been carrying the cross of Martin Luther King's assassination. It is not the only American city that has failed to learn the lessons of freedom that King taught, and it appears from the investigation into the murder that he might have died in any of a score of cities. But he happened to be shot in Memphis, and however much the whites in Memphis protest the unfairness, the city itself continues to mark racial progress (or the lack of it), "trouble" (or the absence of it), in terms of "before April" and "after April," sometimes simply "before King."

Tennessee appears to have recovered from the effects of more than a decade of rule under the late E. H. (Boss) Crump, but Memphis has not. The Boss brought many things to Memphis, "efficient government, a clean city, and other blessings," as V. O. Key noted in his *Southern Politics*. Key added that the blessings came "without freedom or liberty." Crump has been gone for years, and freedom and liberty of a sort exist in Memphis today. But, the legacy of a rule by a father figure remains, and it explains in part why Memphis, one year after Dr. King died there, has changed hardly at all.

Mayor Henry Loeb and Frank Holloman, the fire and police commissioner, do for Memphis today what Crump did thirty years ago. Strong men, given to tough talk and unaccustomed to back talk, their words and deeds explain much of the city's severe racial problems.

Last December, during an informal question and answer period in a dormitory at Memphis State University, one youth with a beard asked Mayor Loeb what the city had done for its poor. Loeb mentioned the city manpower commission and the police force's community centers. The student shook his head and smiled. "Are you smiling at the manpower commission?" Loeb demanded. "No, the police department," the student replied. "Did you miss your razor?" Loeb shot back. The student quietly walked out. Few things irritate Henry Loeb more than long hair or beards.

Last October, shortly after he won the Americanism Award from the Downtown Civitan Club, Commissioner Holloman, the former FBI agent, expanded on his philosophy of American life to the city's Optimist Club: "I am sick and tired of a fat cat society which never had it so good, economically and materially [*sic*], refusing to become involved and concerned with the concerted efforts now being made to destroy our American way of life."

That a Southern mayor or a Southern police commissioner would hold such views may not be surprising. But it is unusual, in a city the size of Memphis, that such opinions would be constantly spoken and eagerly treated as fresh news by the local newspapers, radio and television stations.

Since last April, white Memphis has retreated to a xenophobia that stifles most attempts to solve the city's race problems. Social protest, in the broadest sense, as well as a form of urban war between the police and young black men, are daily facts of the city's life. The strike of black garbage workers that brought King to Memphis was settled two weeks after his death, the men winning pay raises and union recognition in a settlement achieved by then Under Secretary of Labor James Reynolds. Loeb privately blamed what he considers a defeat on the pres-

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sures brought against him because of the assassination.

The murder was a catalyst for white and black Memphis in much more than the garbage strike. The 227,000 black Memphians, 40 per cent of the population, have mounted campaign after campaign, boycott followed by boycott, to show the city more protest in the past year than it saw in all its history.

The protest ranges over a broad front of issues and organizations. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees union first won the garbage strike, then won in the city hospitals and is now eyeing the city-owned Light, Gas & Water Division. Other groups are the NAACP, with boycotts at several shopping centers; the Committee on the Move for Equality (COME) with downtown boycotts; the Memphis Welfare Rights Organization; and even a boycott of the annual WDIA Goodwill revue, a charity run by a white-owned, mostly Negro-staffed radio station. Negroes found the revue patronizing, and that has been a basic civil rights issue in Memphis since "before King." Placards and picket signs proclaiming "I Am a Man" have been used in each of the score of boycotts and protest marches, organized since the garbage strike began.

During the garbage strike, Mayor Loeb often pointed out that he was seeing to it not only that the city continued to pay its share of medical insurance premiums for the strikers but also that food stamps reached the striking men. Negroes said this was another form of City Hall paternalism. Loeb refused to allow pay raises except on his own initiative, but he was happy to keep charity and welfare flowing.

There has been talk of naming a Memphis street for King, but the street most often mentioned by the city council is South Parkway, an avenue of gas stations and liquor stores in the midst of the Southside ghetto. Negroes reject that idea as insulting.

How Tennessee has become progressive enough to overcome the racial problems that still beset Memphis, its largest city, can be partially explained by the map. In all respects except the boundary itself, Memphis is part of Mississippi; its suburbs reach the Mississippi line, and Mississippians often call it the true capital of their state. The local understanding is that the Mississippi Delta, from whose cotton fields and black backs Memphis reaped the money to become a city, begins at Greenville, Miss., and continues upriver some 100 miles to the lobby of the Sheraton-Peabody Hotel in downtown Memphis.

Much of white Memphis moved to the city from Mississippi. Their racial views are not so much paternalistic as they are openly segregationist. When the city housing authority tried to locate a housing project for low-income families, mostly Negro, in an all-white residential district known as Frayser, white home owners sent a petition to City Hall, saying in part: "The sole purpose of this outrageous federal project is a sneaky method developed to completely integrate our city by placing these cancer cells in selected areas presently developed to homes owned by white persons of modest means. This will devaluate their property." The petition embarrassed, but illuminated the motives of more discreet white resistance groups such as the Frayser Council of Civic Clubs, which also fought the project.

Defeated in Frayser, the city tried to locate the project in Fairley, an almost identical community. Up sprang another all-white group, the Fairley Civic Club. With the help of the Frayser group, and the Memphis and Shelby County Council of Civic Clubs, whites also put down that attempt. (White civic clubs may replace the Citizens Council in the South.) Since federal standards for such housing

projects now require that they be placed outside existing ghettos, the city at last prevailed in a district that had just been annexed to Memphis and where the white residents had not had time to organize.

Mayor Loeb and Commissioner Holloman are the city's dominant personalities; the police force and the two major daily newspapers are their institutional counterparts. When a city judge released into the custody of an attorney a suspect arraigned on a variety of charges, including waving a pistol at two policemen, Chief Police Inspector Jack Wallace called the judge "ridiculous" and said he had undermined police morale. The afternoon daily, the *Press-Scimitar*, said editorially: "Judges and police are supposed to be working together to enforce the law and protect the public." That view of the relationship is unlikely to be shared by many judges.

The *Press-Scimitar* and the morning *Commercial Appeal* are Scripps-Howard papers, and Scripps-Howard also owns a radio and a television station in Memphis. The attitude of the two papers to Memphis Negroes is more of the patronizing that the blacks protest.

Shortly after King's murder, the COME group began a newspaper boycott. "They slanted the news about Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. They assassinated the character of Dr. King in a biased editorial—the kind of hate that

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helped kill this great man," COME charged. The boycott knocked off several thousand subscriptions, but did not seriously damage the financial position of the newspapers. It did, however, produce righteous indignation among the editors and reporters who work beneath the huge red, white and blue electric American flag crowning the Memphis Publishing Co. building.

City Hall, white Memphis and the newspapers had assumed for many years that they constituted a moderate or liberal force for racial equality, surrounded by Southern states populated by rednecks. The papers counted as friends such Negro leaders as Jesse Turner, president of the Memphis NAACP chapter and of a local insurance company. Said Frank Ahlgren, who recently retired as editor of the *Commercial Appeal*: "I never thought I'd see the day when Jesse Turner would advocate dumping garbage in the city council chambers. We've been a champion of the Negro community, and they know it."

Ahlgren points with justifiable pride to the role his newspaper played in initial desegregation of schools, buses, hospitals and stores in Memphis, all accomplished without violence. But that was only a token desegregation, and remains largely so today.

The two newspapers are open to valid charges of discrimination in their news columns. Both identify as Negroes suspects in crimes involving Negroes, but don't use racial tags in crimes involving only whites. And, considering the racial climate of the city, the newspapers take an almost rabid stand behind whatever the police force proposes. The *Press-Scimitar* went so far one afternoon as to splash across three columns of page 1 a picture of two policemen demonstrating a new billy. The accompanying article quoted the training manual for the club: "Another good trick is a jab in the plexus with the end of the stick." The manual did not say "good trick."

There is a hand-in-glove relationship between the city police and Memphis reporters—a relationship which the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders criticized generally in the nation. It is to be seen in the case of a Negro handyman accused of second degree murder. His confession to police was ruled out by the local court when the handyman testified—with bruises and hospital records to prove it—that policemen beat him to force his confession. The handyman was then turned over to two Memphis reporters to confess to them, and that confession was admitted in local court. The Supreme Court overruled the conviction, finding the confession given to the reporters just as inadmissable as the one given to the policemen. The handyman went free last fall, after three years in jail waiting for appeals. The state did not prosecute further because it said that without the confession it had no case.

There are innumerable instances of police disregard for justice in Memphis. When trials were under way for the 897 persons, almost all young Negroes, arrested during the garbage strike and on the night of the assassination, policemen got confessions and damning testimony from those arrested. Some of the youths, under defense questioning in the trials, said that just before they entered the courtroom a policeman took them aside to remind them of the penalty for perjury, and to threaten prosecution if the story they gave in court was different from the one they had told in the squad room.

There are whites of influence in Memphis who are dismayed by the intolerance of the city, but since last April, as tensions have grown and Mayor Loeb has let it be known that one is either for him and white Memphis, or against him and white Memphis, the voices of moderation have been stilled.

A final example: an Internal Revenue Service employee organized an anti-Vietnamese War rally in Memphis, and the *Commercial Appeal* profiled the young man: "A heavy-set, 28-year-old night student at Memphis State University, Mr. Gaylord's physical appearance gives hint of his political views only in well-trimmed red sideburns." Persons with sideburns traveling through Memphis take note.

ODDS IN LOS ANGELES

RACE, TELEVISION AND YORTY

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

The primary election in the race for mayor of Los Angeles falls on April 1. This date seems altogether appropriate. Baxter Ward, 49, a lively and personally attractive political eccentric, making his first try for public office, appears to be running second only to Mayor Sam Yorty, 59. Yorty, having once insisted that two terms as mayor is enough for any man, is now fighting hard for a third. That is not surprising—consistent inconsistency is the predominant characteristic of the Mayor's political career.

Baxter Ward, accepting no campaign contributions, is spending his own money and very little of that. He has bought no newspaper, radio or television advertising, has no organization, and yet his appearances on college campuses, before service clubs and elsewhere, invariably draw large crowds. Except for Yorty, Ward has more name identification than any of the thirteen other candidates. The reason? He is a member of the newest elite of our celebrity-conscious mass culture, a television newscaster, and thus a familiar figure in thousands of Los Angeles living rooms.

According to the Mervin Field poll, Ward, with 25 per cent of the vote, trails Yorty by only 2 percentage points.

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Los Angeles City Councilman Thomas Bradley and Congressman Alphonzo Bell score 17 and 14 per cent respectively. The ten other candidates, including another city councilman, didn't show. To win in the primary, a mayoralty candidate must get a majority of the votes cast. A run-off on May 27 seems assured this year to decide the winner.

The mayoralty race is nonpartisan by law, and the party affiliation of the candidates is not shown on the ballot, but the two major parties always get involved. Yorty is a Democrat who often supports Republicans and gets their backing in return; Bradley is a Democrat, and Congressman Bell is a Republican and a moderate of sorts. Ward is a registered independent whose views in the present campaign would be difficult to tag, but philosophically he is on the far Right. He was fined by the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) for crossing its picket lines in a 1967 strike.

Of all the Mayor's challengers, Councilman Bradley, 51, has the most impressive record. While advancing to the rank of lieutenant in the Los Angeles Police Department, he earned a law degree, resigned from the department to practice law, and is now serving his second term on the council. Bradley is knowledgeable about municipal government, has an easy, casual manner, but faces a significant political handicap in a city-wide election: he is black. He believes that race should not be an issue, although in announcing his candidacy he said with a touch of humor, "I have never tried to conceal my color."

Against a background of campus disturbances in California, race is a pervasive political factor this year in the state. (Governor Reagan, who is taking a "hard line" against student militants, was never more popular than he is today.) Bradley, facing political reality, has been

HARRY GOLDEN

When I got out of the East Side Evening High School, I went to night classes at the City College of New York, 23rd Street Branch. There were Irish and Italians in City College, but Jews were in the majority, particularly the sons of immigrant Jews. There were no Jewish fraternities that I remember—we all worked days; the school did not close on Jewish holidays, although the Jewish professors were absent; and there was no emphasis on Jewish history. The milieu however was demonstrably Jewish. Yet we used to worry about the Jewish boys who went to Harvard and Yale. We heard these colleges imposed quota systems, accepting only a small number of Jews, and that the medical colleges accepted even fewer. We were having it our way at City College, but we worried fiercely about those Jews who were not.

I see we are still worrying—on the other side of the coin. The quotas have apparently been abolished, because some of the reputable Jewish scholars now call the American campus "a disaster area for Judaism." Jewish students today are more interested in dissent than in discipline, in McLuhan than in Maimonides, and generally more and more alienated from a Jewish cultural environment. "Jewish students," said Irving Greenberg, "are subjected to a clash of life styles between the bourgeois Jewish home and the swinging campus."

You cannot have your cake and eat it. Forty years ago the Jews did not have a baseball player—and how we longed for a basketball player! Now I see that three members of the starting Yale football offensive unit are Jewish, including Weinstein, the 6 ft. 6 in. pro prospect.

What happened, of course, was that we spread the word about the quotas. Militant Jews decided then and there that they would send their sons to Harvard. What they didn't realize was that Harvard boys often fall in love with and marry Radcliffe girls. *Ergo,* cultural alienation.

Cultural alienation was no problem forty years ago. A Jewish student was probably the son of immigrants who couldn't speak English. His clothes were different and his attitudes; perhaps his values. He could see he was different and often sought refuge in difference. A Jewish student in the 1960s probably has parents who speak English as precisely as his professors, who are as well read and certainly as affluent. The Jewish student has values which are consonant with those of his classmates. He goes out for the football team, if he is a gung-ho square; or he burns his draft card or the dean of men in effigy, if he is a hippie.

Like his Protestant and Catholic fellows, he is bored by college seminars on the religious revival, none of which he sees; and he is dissatisfied with the decisions the secular society keeps making. The trouble is that the issues of the world are not religious issues. Vietnam is not a religious issue, integration is not a religious issue, and if the sexual revolution has religious overtones, they are drowned out in the hilarity.

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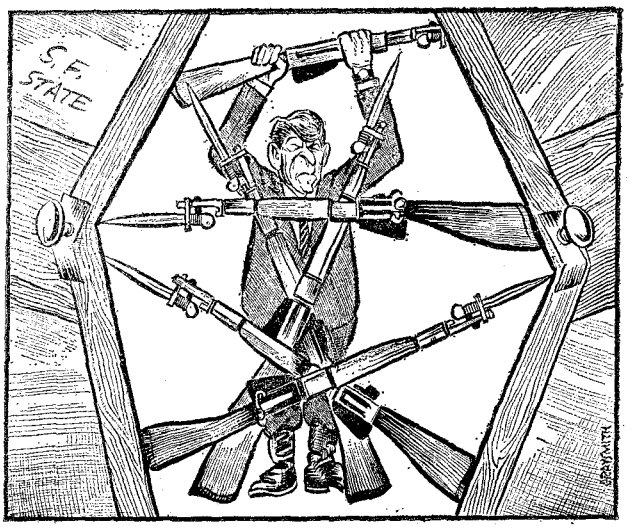
trying to put together a black-brown coalition. Eighteen per cent of the city's 2.8 million population is black and 13 per cent is of Mexican descent. Bradley has considerable support among blacks and is gaining favor among the young and militant Chicanos, but the less radical, older leadership of the Spanish-speaking community has expressed some opposition. One Latin group, the Mexican-American Political Association, has formally endorsed Bradley. The *Los Angeles Times*, announcing that it could "wholeheartedly support" either Bell or Bradley, endorsed Bell on the ground that he would stand a better chance against Yorty in the May showdown. In the past, the paper has proved to be influential in city elections.

A majority of AFL-CIO union leaders in Los Angeles support Bradley, but he failed to get the official endorsement of the Los Angeles County AFL-CIO. Race prejudice was evident in some of the locals, but this did not directly control the decision. Several labor leaders said they felt that Los Angeles is not ready to elect a Negro mayor and argued that it would be politically unwise for labor to support a loser. If Bradley, liberal and pro-labor, survives the primary, he expects to get official labor support. He has the unified support of liberals and strong backing among Democratic Party leaders, including former Gov. Edmund G. Brown.

Bradley's problem is to attract more votes from the white community, especially from the endless housing tracts of the San Fernando Valley, where Mayor Yorty is popular among middle-class whites. In the Field poll, Bradley received only 9 per cent of the white vote, while Yorty and Ward got 28 per cent each. Yorty also received 28 per cent of the Mexican-American vote to Bradley's 9 per cent.

Yorty's principal political handicap this year is guilt by association. Three former city commissioners have been convicted of accepting bribes, and a fourth is now waiting trial on similar charges. All were appointed by



San Francisco Chronicle

". . . at the point of a bayonet if necessary"—Ronald Reagan

Yorty, and he is having a difficult time explaining away the mess. But some potent Republicans have offered their help in gratitude for Yorty's sabotage of Pat Brown's third-term bid and other favors. Preston Hotchkis of the wealthy San Marino Hotchkises and Henry Salvatori (oil money) are chairman and co-chairman of his re-election drive. Both are Reagan supporters, and both can unzip pocketbooks that are usually unzippable when Democrats come around.

With no organization help, Baxter Ward may have gone as far as he can go on his TV image; Bradley, with a developing organization, may have overtaken him by Election Day. That is how many political observers see it, but if they are wrong, and Yorty and Ward meet in May, their run-off will be the greatest political entertainment in the history of the entertainment capital of the free world.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 386)*

tonomous college for ethnic studies. The demands of the TWLF have led to a seven-week strike against the university.

Andres Ybarra, Associate Editor, El Grito

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Roy Bongartz's "Chicano Rebellion" is a compliment to the Chicano movement in California. It is not, however, as predisposed toward criticism as is Ralph Guzman's "The Gentle Revolutionaries: Brown Power" (*Los Angeles Times*, Jan. 26). Guzman believes that Mexican youth are confused about goals, and that they are committed to action; in fact, basing most things in terms of action, particularly the leadership. He believes a Brown Power ethos has yet to be worked out; Mexicans lack ideology. Guzman observes Brown Power "carries strong overtones of racism and militancy," a racism and militancy which can mess things up for the movement. Bongartz errs in writing that Nick Vaca's comments represent the opinion of all Chicanos. If EOP administrators give Negroes more benefits in Oakland, perhaps hoping to foster racial antagonisms in this manner—it would be rash to blame Negroes in all places for inequities for which they are not responsible. Blacks have championed and continue to champion the cause of nonwhites, who should give credit where credit is due. What one Negro professor says about Chicanos certainly does not mean all Negroes subscribe to the same opinion. . . . Mexicans are a pluralistic people, Professor Romano reminds us (*El Grito*, Fall 1968), and they cannot be reduced to a simple formula. The news media and social scientists have reduced the Mexican to a simple stereotype. But Anglos are not the only ones to stereotype Mexicans; in fact, Mexicans have also created a simple stereotype, based on the heroes of the Mexican Revolution, and of the Mexican lower classes. If only some of the Chicanos knew that Mexico now is more Anglo than ever, and that Pancho Villa was not that much a man of the people.

Joseph Navarro, University of California Santa Barbara

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Isaac Babel Talks About Writing

KONSTANTIN PAUSTOVSKY

Born in Moscow in 1892, Konstantin Paustovsky had been engaged in recording the story of his extraordinary life, which spanned extraordinary events. He died in Moscow in 1968. Years of Hope *continues* The Story of a Life, *published here in 1964 (reviewed by Jose Yglesias,* The Nation, *May 11, 1964), taking the young writer through the early years of the Russian Revolution. In Odessa, a city torn by revolutionary and counterrevolutionary war and under blockade, Paustovsky devoted himself to the publication of a newspaper called* The Seaman, *and became a friend of the paper's most gifted contributor, Isaac Babel. Below, Paustovsky recounts a rare conversation with Russia's master storyteller in a selection from* Years of Hope, *translated from the Russian by Manya Harari and Andrew Thomson, published this month by Pantheon Books ($4.95).*

We were sitting on the parapet on the cliff. Babel was absent-mindedly throwing pebbles into the sea; they cracked like pistol shots as they hit the rocks.

"It's all right for you other writers," said Babel, although I was not yet a writer. "You can wrap things up in the dew of your imagination, as you put it! What an awful expression, by the way! But what would you do if you had no imagination? Like me."

"Rubbish!" I said angrily.

He seemed not to have heard me.

"Not one drop," he repeated after a long pause and several pebbles. "I'm quite serious. I can't make anything up. I have to know everything, down to the last wrinkle, or I can't even begin to write. 'Authenticity,' that's the motto, and I'm stuck with it! That's why I write so little and so slowly. Because it's terribly hard. So much for Mozart, the joy of creativity, the free flight of imagination! I wrote somewhere, I'm getting old from asthma, a mysterious disease I've had from birth and inherited together with my weak constitution. But that's a lie. What puts years on me is every single short-story I write. I work like a black, like a navvy, as if I had to dig up Everest with my own hands. What I start, I never believe I'll have the strength to finish. Sometimes I could weep, I'm so tired. It stops my circulation. If I get stuck over a sentence, it gives me spasms. And I'm always stuck over a sentence!"

"But your writing is so fluent," I said. "How do you do it?"

"It's style that does it. . . . I'll write about the weekly washing if you like, and the prose might sound like Julius Caesar! That I seem to manage. But, you understand, that's not the essence of art, it's the bricks, or the marble or the bronze. Come, I'll show you how I do it. I'm a miser, a skinflint, but just for you! . . ."

By now, it was dark inside the house. Beyond the garden the sea rumbled more and more quietly with the approach of night. Fresh air poured in from the sea and drove out the sultry wormwood smell of the steppe. Babel lit a small lamp. The light fell on his glasses; behind them his eyes looked inflamed; he was always having trouble with his eyes.

He got a thick wad of typescript out of his desk; there were at least 100 pages.

"Know what that is?"

I had no idea. Was it possible that Babel had at last written a full length novella and kept it a secret from all of us? I could not believe it. Babel, whose short-stories were almost like telegrams! Who packed everything into the smallest possible space. For whom a story of ten pages was much too long and surely padded!

A hundred pages of his concentrated prose? No, it couldn't be!

I looked at the cover page, and saw the title "Lyubka the Cossack." That was still more puzzling.

"Didn't I hear that 'Lyubka the Cossack' is a very short short-story that hasn't yet been published? Do you really mean you've expanded it into a novella?"

He covered the typescript with his hand and laughed, his eyes crinkling.

"It's 'Lyubka' all right," he said, blushing. "And it's fifteen pages long. But there are the twenty-two versions—two hundred pages of it."

"Twenty-two versions!"

"What's so terrible about that?" he bridled at once. "Look here, a work of art is not a pot-boiler. You write several versions of the same story—so what? I'm not even sure the twenty-second is fit to publish. It looks as if it could still be tightened up. It's all this elimination that makes for power of language and style. Of language and style," he repeated. "You can take anything—an anecdote, a bit of gossip—and you turn it into a story you yourself can't bear to put down. It glows like a jewel. It's round like a pebble. It hangs together by the cohesion of its parts. And its cohesion is so powerful that even lightning can't split it up. People will read it. And remember it. And they'll laugh over it, not because it's cheerful but because you always feel like laughing when somebody has brought something off. I have the nerve to talk about bringing it off only because we are alone. And you won't tell anyone about this conversation as long as I live. You must give me your word. It's no credit to me, of course. Goodness knows how someone like me, the son of a small broker, gets possessed by the demon or the angel of art. But whichever it is, I have to obey him like a slave, like a pack-mule. I've sold him my soul, and I have to write as well as I know how. It's my happiness, or my cross. More of a cross, I suppose. But take it away, and every drop of my blood will go with it and I won't be worth a chewed up fag-end. That's the work that makes a human being out of me and not just an Odessa street-corner philosopher."

He paused, then went on more bitterly.

"I've got no imagination. All I've got is the longing for it. You remember Blok—'I see the enchanted shore, the enchanted distance.' He got there all right, but I won't. I see that shore unbearably far off. I'm too sober. But I thank my lucky stars that at least I long for it. I work till I drop, I do all I can because I want to be at the feast of the gods and I'm afraid they'll throw me out."

He took off his glasses, and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his patched jacket.

"I didn't choose to be born a Jew," he said suddenly. "I think I can understand everything. Only not the reason for that black villainy they call anti-semitism.

"I came safely through a Jewish pogrom as a child, only they tore my pigeon's head off. Why? . . . I don't want Evgenia to come in," he said softly. "Put the door on the hook, will you? This kind of talk frightens her. She's liable to cry all night. She thinks I'm very lonely. Perhaps I am?"

What could I answer?

"So there it is," said Babel, stooping short-sightedly over his manuscript. "I work like a pack mule, but it's my own choice. I'm like a galley-slave who's chained for life to his oar but who loves the oar. Everything about it. Every grain of wood he's polished with his

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hands. If you use enough elbow grease, even the coarsest wood gets to look like ivory. That's what we have to do with words, and with our Russian language. Warm it and polish it with your hand, and it glows like a jewel.

"But I meant to tell you all I do, in the right order. The first version of a story is terrible. All in bits and pieces tied together with boring 'link passages' as dry as old rope. You have the first version of 'Lyubka' there—you can see for yourself. It yaps at you, it's clumsy, helpless, toothless.

"That's where the real work begins. I go over each sentence, time and again. I start by cutting all the words it can do without. You have to keep your eye on the job because words are very sly, the rubbishy ones go into hiding and you have to dig them out—repetitions, synonyms, things that simply don't mean anything.

"After that, I type the story and I let it lie for two or three days. If I can hold out. Then I check it again, sentence by sentence and word by word. And again I find a lot of rubbish I missed the first time. So I make another copy, and another—as many as I have to, until I've cleaned it all up and there's not a speck of dirt left.

"But that's not all! When I've done the cleaning up, I go over every image, metaphor, comparison, to see if they are fresh and accurate. If you can't find the right adjective for a noun, leave it alone. Let the noun stand by itself.

"A comparison must be as accurate as a slide rule, and as natural as the smell of fennel. Oh, I forgot—before I take out the rubbish, I break up the text into shorter sentences. The more full stops the better. I'd like to have that passed as a law. Not more than one idea and one image to one sentence. Never be afraid of full stops. Actually, my own sentences are too short—that's because of my asthma. I can't talk for long. The longer the sentence the more I get short of breath.

"I take out all the participles and adverbs I can. Participles are heavy, angular, they destroy the rhythm. They grate like tanks going over rubble. Three participles to one sentence, and you kill the language. All that 'presenting,' 'obtaining,' 'concentrating' and so on. . . . Adverbs are lighter. They can even lend you wings in a way. But too many of them make the language spineless, it starts mioaling. . . . A noun needs only one adjective, the choicest. Only a genius can afford two adjectives to one noun.

"The breaking up into paragraphs and the punctuation have to be done properly but only for the effect on the reader. A set of dead rules is no good. A new paragraph is a wonderful thing. It lets you quietly change the rhythm, and it can be like a flash of lightning that shows the same landscape from a different aspect. There are writers, even good ones, who scatter paragraphs and punctuation marks all over the place. They can write good prose, but it has an air of muddle and carelessness because of this. . . .

"Line is as important in prose as in an engraving. It has to be clear and hard.

"My twenty-two versions of 'Lyubka' gave you a shock. They are all part of the weeding, sifting, pulling the story out into a single thread. There can be as much difference between the first and last version of a book as between a greasy bit of packing paper and Botticelli's 'Spring.' "

"It really is slave labour," I said. "A man should think twenty times before he decides to become a writer."

"But the most important thing of all," said Babel, "is not to kill the story by working on it. Or else all your labour has been in vain. It's like walking a tightrope. Well, there it is. . . . We ought all to take an oath not to mess up our job."

Close-Up of a Leading Man

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON. *By Eric Goldman. Alfred A. Knopf. 531 pp. $8.95.*

ERNEST GRUENING

Mr. Gruening was one of the two United States Senators who voted against the Tonkin Gulf resolution. He is co-author of Vietnam Folly *(National Press).*

This first major opus about Lyndon Johnson since his retirement is a masterful portrayal and a detailed account of what took place in the White House during Eric Goldman's nearly three years there as "an intellectual in residence."

While he contributed devotedly and with enlightenment to the task of seeking a liaison and an entente between the President and the nation's intellectuals—and indeed with the greater society—the net result was not wholly pleasing either to the President or to Dr. Goldman. The reasons are fully detailed, incident by incident. It is through this narration that the pluses and minuses in the Presidential performance are clearly revealed. Historian Goldman has written objectively, allowing the facts to speak for themselves, but not wholly excluding some evaluation.

President Johnson's dynamism, his determination, drive and skill in getting the Congress to enact three pieces of major legislation, which President Kennedy could not achieve—Medicare, the $1.5 billion elementary and secondary schools educational bill, and the most sweeping civil rights bill, including voting rights, which required Presidential action not merely on the Hill but on the hustings—all this is set forth in laudatory fullness.

The climax, LBJ's New Orleans speech, in which he tore into the "nigra, nigra" refrain of customary Southern white campaign oratory, Goldman characterizes as deserving "a place in history" and as "Lyndon Johnson's finest hour." There was much other important legislation—a large anti-poverty program, hundreds of millions of dollars for Appalachia, manpower training, omnibus housing, a new Cabinet Department of Housing and Urban Development, the High Speed Ground Transportation Act, the Water Quality Act to diminish pollution. The author, in his capacity of Presidential assistant, was caught up in the excitement. He points out that unlike FDR, LBJ was functioning brilliantly without the early thirties' cooperating pressure of national crisis, and speaks of his own exhilaration at partaking and observing "a man who kept on that phone expressing to Congressmen some dogged vision of the credo that America means a better shake for the ordinary man."

Goldman's appraisal of Lady Bird Johnson, likewise detailed by incident and actions, is unqualifiedly enthusiastic. One may conclude that second only to Eleanor Roosevelt, he would rank her as one of the great first ladies whose role was important, consequential and valuable per se to the nation as a whole, as well as to her husband's career.

But at "the pinnacle of success and the goal visible," something was going wrong. It was the foreign policy with LBJ's involvement in Vietnam, and here the reverse of the medal that would determine LBJ's overall performance obtruded itself on the national consciousness. "In this case," writes Goldman, "President Johnson was not forthright." Elsewhere in this book, he points out that Johnson was not knowledgeable in international matters and that his concern for and knowledge of the nation's domestic needs contrasted with his uninterest in and unawareness of foreign affairs.

Having persuaded a pliant Congress,

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MOONSHOT

I can't stop them using my money
To blast off
And send a chimpanzee or man there.
It won't be long until they'll land there

Bulbous in oxygen suits, their faces
Pale in the domed helmets, leaden shoes
Scuffling craters in the dust of craters. Their photographs
Have already picked the places

The spider craft will settle and infest
That airless purity
With our germs—they'll plant our flag in it,
Since History

Is our first export. After the planet
Of our planet, we'll take Mars;
What little do we see in Nature
That isn't ours?

Yet who will hold dominion over
The silvered cold waning and the waxing light,
Or make the seeds it shines on stir, and sprout,
Or rule the tides

That clutch and clip the cove, when
The land lies still, a lover sleeping,
And the seething combers of the blood surge,
Surge in the loins of men?

DANIEL HOFFMAN

through his Tonkin Gulf resolution, to give him a blank check to commit American troops in Southeast Asia anywhere he saw fit, President Johnson proceeded in his Presidential campaign to promise that he would not send American boys into a ground war on the continent of Asia, and to do the fighting that should be done by Asian boys. Thereafter he began to do what he had pledged the American people he would not do. The decisions were his, and so he "arrived at the most monumental miscalculation of his career."

Thereafter the credibility gap widened: "Lyndon Johnson's . . . conspicuous delight in the secretive and the devious . . . his undeniable habit of simply playing fast and loose with facts" intensified the national mistrust. President Johnson's Vietnamese policy, "after the election," writes Goldman, "brought out his worst instincts," and the reasons he gave for our military involvement based on the alleged actions of his predecessors and presumed treaty commitments were "not true."

With the deepening involvement and its mounting costs in lives and treasure, it was becoming clear "how reluctant President Johnson was to approve the right of dissent. . . ."

The reluctance exploded after poet Robert Lowell's refusal to attend a festival of the arts organized by Goldman in an effort to display the talents of America's creative artists in the White House, and thereby demonstrate the President's interest in their work. Lowell wrote that while "enthusiastic about your domestic legislation and intentions" he could "only follow our present foreign policy with the greatest dismay and distrust."

Whatever might have been the justification for Lowell's action, it set off a chain of reactions which marred the otherwise fine festival performance, embittered Johnson against intellectuals in general and led to Goldman's decision to retire in due course.

The tragedy of Lyndon Johnson was derived from his war policy which largely nullified his great domestic achievements. Whereas he would undoubtedly have gone down in history as one of our greatest Presidents, he was instead forced into withdrawal by the rising distrust and discontent his policies and performance had generated in the nation.

But Goldman feels that "probably history will be generous—and should be—to Lyndon Johnson," though he qualifies this forecast by a critical analysis of the President's weaknesses:

"Always fighting off the devils of insecurity, Lyndon Johnson was vain, not proud; boomerish, not confident; for the most part grandiose, not grand, in conceiving his programs, and grandiloquent, not eloquent in expressing them. Gnawed by his inner needs, he turned his marriage with a woman he deeply loved into a near tyranny; a Congressional career shot through with instincts for the national good into a feral pursuit of personal domination; a Presidency marked by a broad streak of idealism into what so often appeared to be an exercise in self-interest."

". . . Lashed by his insecurity, [he] fought his better angels harder than any man I have ever known. . . . So lacking in confidence, so defensive and wary . . . he was determined that nobody or no circumstance would get the better of him by playing to his strong personal ideals and emotions. This attitude led to increasing justification for, and ever more extended practice of his natural bent toward exorbitant secretiveness, labyrinthine maneuverings, a sanctimonious glossing over of reality, the plain withholding of truth which had no need of being withheld and the plain distortion of truth which, at least in part, was much better stated and done with."

Goldman concludes by defining Johnson's tragedy as that of "an extraordinarily gifted President who was the wrong man, from the wrong place at the wrong time, under the wrong circumstances."

With that summation this reviewer disagrees. There was nothing wrong about the place from which Johnson came. Other Texans, such as the late Congressman Maury Maverick, or Congressmen such as George Mahon, James Wright, Clark Thompson and Wright Patman, or the senior Senator, Ralph Yarborough, would not have exhibited the Johnsonian shortcomings; there was nothing wrong about the time; the country was relatively content, peaceful and prosperous in 1964; the circumstances were wrong only because Johnson made them so.

In any event, Goldman's reportage and analysis are an indispensable appraisal of an important period in American history, and of the man around whom it revolved. They constitute a kind of refutation of the assumption that history can best be written years after the events it records. Doubtless both kinds of historiography are needed to put an era and its *dramatis personae* in proper focus. We now have an excellent "close-up."

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The New Narcissism

THE HERESY OF SELF-LOVE. *By Paul Zweig. Basic Books. 277 pp. $6.50.*

MARY ELLMANN
Mrs. Ellmann is the author of Thinking About Women *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

For these days, this book is atypical in its composure, lucid without simplification, and temperate without condescension. It is modern in its anti-authoritarian sympathies, and yet removed from those irate and illiberal manifestations of revolt which are now in style. Perhaps only its incidental view of the Catholic Church, as a force of unqualified repression, is narrow. Otherwise, one is steadily conscious of a quiet, comprehensive and generous intelligence.

This critical poise may result from Paul Zweig's finding French studies as compatible as English or American. In fact, *The Heresy of Self-Love* seems to have grown naturally out of Mr. Zweig's first book, *Lautréamont, ou les violences du Narcisse*, which was published in Paris in 1967. Modern narcissism (or "subversive individualism" or "the heresy of self-love") separates itself from the classical myth by a substitution of *les violences*, of turbulent forces, for the original soft inertia of Narcissus. This new narcissism, Zweig now traces throughout modern Western history, all the way from the second-century frenzies of the Gnostic sect to American love-ins last summer. But Zweig contains the enormous subject by defining it, as he began to define it in *Lautréamont*, through specific persons—a selected group of what he calls "exemplary minds."

To put Mr. Zweig's thesis too simply, self-love became agitated, and heretical, in revulsion against authority. The fascination with individual life which coexisted in some harmony with authority in Periclean Greece, fell into conflict with authority in subsequent Western societies. In a sense, then, Greece may be blamed for later enmities between Establishment and Self, precisely the enmities in which we are still now caught up, since Greece realized the selfhood toward which Westerners have struggled bitterly and hopelessly ever since. The later forms of authority shift and change without, somehow, changing at all—in their alienative and yet dynamic effect upon the individual.

At the same time, in repeated interchanges between the authoritative and the personal, the two biting at each other swallow pieces of each other. What is personal at one moment is absorbed into authority or orthodoxy at the next—just as the subversive peace symbol, transferred to cloth, eventually sold millions of dresses to Americans. Obversely, Zweig's individualists seem uniformly bent upon establishing authority over themselves. They defy external fixities, only to dread their own internal "changeability." In each of them, the withdrawal from society's rules is so rigorous and ruleful as to suggest more self-loathing than self-love. So Baudelaire preaches, though of course never practices, the constraining virtues of hygiene, sobriety, chastity. To know thyself is to reproach thyself, and all these brilliant excavations of the self (of the "underworld," the "abyss," the "undiscoverable bottom") turn back finally from what seems an infinite discontent.

But this emotion is an effect of rarefied self-love, as it is practiced by persons of genius—Descartes, Rousseau, Melville, Kierkegaard. Common Western self-love does not criticize itself and does not consciously subvert authority. It is therefore, perhaps too silently, dismissed from consideration here. And yet its broad existence is recalled, if only by the marked incapacity of the exemplary self-lovers for the gratifications of the vulgar self-lovers.

Generally, the exemplary seem alienated not only from authority but from nature (an authority behind authority), and experience remarkable pain in their encounters with common pleasure—with food and drink, sleep, company, rivalry, sex and family. The fundamental disavowal of attachment—or, worse, of dependence—extends to the disavowal of one's own creation by others, one's birth.

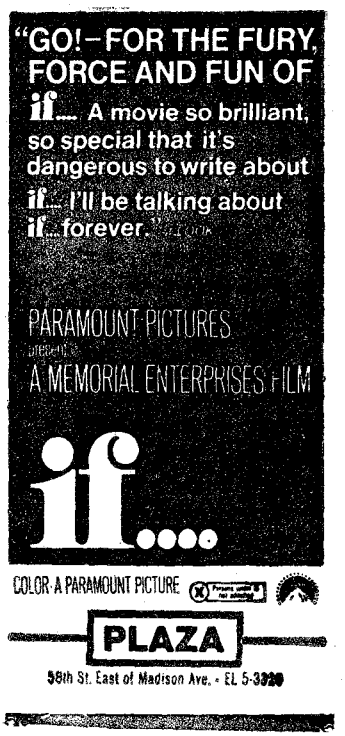
Far from the worship of one's ancestors, some total consumption into the self of these previous selves becomes necessary. So the Gnostics' faith in a single power which is "its own mother, its own father" is repeated, after sixteen centuries, in Kierkegaard's "He who does the work gives birth to his own father." Even the subtle dependence of wit upon social ties seems to forbid wit, and if one excepts Lautréamont, one can connect modern with classical narcissism by at least a mutual morosity.

It is not surprising, then, that Shakespeare drops into the Category of Isolation only in his sonnets, not in his plays. He was not capable for very long of the exclusive and solitary dedication of these other splendid egotists. Actually, it does not seem in Zweig's book a discipline at which either English or American minds have been as adept as the French—or, rather, continental Europeans. One thinks carelessly of the English Romantic poets as self-lovers, but they disqualify themselves by association with receptivity (the *filling* of hearts and the *sounding* of harplike spirits) and with conciliation. I think Zweig rather summarily identifies Wordsworth with "relationship and love," but it is certainly *less* subversive and *less* individual (say, of Shelley) to imagine an exchange of impure for pure community than to denounce all community.

What seems essential to Zweig's heresy of self-love is rigor and precision, not only of purpose but procedure. The chapter on Melville, for example, is the least satisfying, because the billowing irresolutions of *Moby Dick*, though they are not rebuked, are not ideally definite. *Moby Dick* is all immediate majestic caprice, in contrast to such *systems* of singularity as those of Rousseau or of Kierkegaard.

Within its entirely apposite minds, however, Zweig's thesis is both persuasive and revelatory. The book is particularly fine in its perception of resemblances among centuries and schools of feeling which ordinarily are filed away quite separately in our minds. I am not sure that it is any more exhilarating than distressing to be shown the persistent sameness of this one Western posture, but Zweig shows it beyond disbelief. The book is an exemplary tending of a small garden, blooming with "exemplary minds." Its fencing out of vast, unsolved spaces is deliberate, and frankly described by Zweig as an "arbitrary" choice, unified by his own intellectual self, by his personal "sympathies."

And it is really to the book's credit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that the reader is unsettled, in the end, not only by what is solved but by the puzzles which still encircle the solution. Why should individual Western life have turned its gnawing energies in upon itself, while Eastern life did not? What is the relationship between Judaeo-Christian monotheism and subversive individualism? Is it all God-aping, the imitation of a solitary Self Who is a law unto Himself, a first energy unto a first ego?

But then why, within the same religious tradition, are there many *not* exemplary minds whose genius is expelled in an opposite objectivity, impersonality and translation of the self into other separate selves or into whole societies of the mind? Why is there Swift as well as Traherne, Hobbes as well as Rousseau, Chaucer as well as the courtly love poets whom he passed by? It is possible that we are all, with Paul Zweig, preoccupied by the new narcissism at a time when, for the purposes of human survival, it is the least opportune of preoccupations. But then, its suicidal quality has always been a part of its lure. Whether he falls or dives in, Narcissus drowns.

Playing Abominable Games

THE GIRLS, A TETRALOGY OF NOVELS: The Girls, Pity for Women, The Hippogriff, The Lepers. *By Henry de Montherlant. Translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin. Introduction by Peter Quennell. Harper & Row. 639 pp. $8.95.*

JOHN ARTHOS

Mr. Arthos teaches English at the University of Michigan. He is the author of Dante, Michaelangelo and Milton *(Hillary) and* Language of Natural Description in Eighteenth Century Poetry *(Octagon), and is presently preparing a book on Greek life.*

Montherlant has been stung by the criticism that he is as selfish and vicious as the protagonist of these four early novels, and in a special preface he denies it:

"The author made the hero of *La Rose de Sable,* Lieutenant Auligny, a man endowed with the highest moral qualities. . . . One might well wonder whether the critics and the public, on reading *La Rose de Sable,* would attribute to the author the same abundance of virtues as they would attribute to him of vices after reading *The Girls.*"

This is disingenuous. In his notebooks, in his journals, in interviews, he has spoken precisely as does the hero, Costals, of *The Girls.* For both, virtue and vice are merely words to play with; what Montherlant is in fact celebrating is his own egotism which he feels he may carry through to any possible perfection. It is the narrator of this book who speaks of "the glory of rape," but it is Montherlant in his own person who elsewhere speaks of himself as having "played" with treason under the Occupation: "Let us change our ideas as we change perfume, as we change rooms at different times of the day. A thirst for treason that is irresistible simply devours me."

This egotism, for my taste rather too often presented as philosophy, provides Montherlant with an aesthetics for the novel, and the terms are again the terms of violence: "The art of the novel is the violation of nature. A violation of souls. The characters must cry out. The novelist's function is to rape souls and to feed his work with them. I call this the vampirism of novelists." As one observes the technique of these novels—*The Girls, Pity for Women, The Hippogriff, The Lepers*—in place of the simple term violation, one might prefer to characterize the progress of the writing as a slow dissection of ish and motive to the end of doing away with every sign of either sentiment or humanity.

The novelist's intention apparently is to take every one of these young women who throw themselves at Costals' feet and show how humiliation can reduce them to mere sentience. He is continually drawn to the final trick—as he also was in his war novel, *Le Songe*—to bring women to the point of surrender and then put them off. But whatever the crisis—and in these dissections every moment is critical, even mortal—the main point is to assert the purity and strength of his own will, his own inviolability and, of course, the skill of his technique. The violations and the discardings are always accompanied by words, and here the style is everything—the women have fallen in love with Costals, not as man but as writer.

But it is Montherlant, as much as Costals, who is recording what the ravisher notices as he takes in every detail of the bodies and souls of the women. The details are his joy. The debt to Barrès and Flaubert is everywhere, in the particularity and in the iciness of the note taker; the elegance is his own. "Back in his studio, he was tidying up the bed when he saw traces of blood on the top sheet. He reflected that the sheet would go to the laundry, whereas fifteen years earlier he would have kept it as it was, as a souvenir. He felt a pang as he realized once again that he was not sufficiently open-hearted towards her. As though to make up for this, when he went to bed he searched for Mlle. Dandillot's blood-stains on the sheet and placed them against his heart. And he fell asleep somehow protected by the affection he felt towards her."

Montherlant's intelligence is great enough for him to conceive that even the stupidest of the women who crowd upon him can sometimes see what he is up to: "As for me, if you're playing some abominable game with me, which at this moment I'm inclined to believe you are (I mean at the very moment of writing these words) for at other moments I tell myself you're merely a child juxtaposed with a man rich in solemn meditation and weighty experience, Faust and Eliakim inextricably merged, in other words a monster—if you are such a monster you cannot help yourself, you are forgiven—if you're only playing a game with me quite consciously, I can only tell you I'm not strong enough for you, and cry 'Pax.'"

These four novels, as a continuing story, however, possess a more impressive vitality than the style. Taken singly they would not reveal the vividness and the urgency that toward the end give the entire conception an unexpected authority. This becomes most evident as we sense the blindness of the passions that are driving the women in particular from misery to misery. And with the sense of the very actuality of their despair there finally grows in the reader also the sense that pity is indeed the right word in the title of one of these novels (*Pitié pour les femmes*). The despair is so accurately related to the nature of their enslavement that pity as well as contempt had to have a part in its re-creation, in short, even in their tormentor, for this egotism, this cultivation of the idea of the novelist as monster, finally establishes the tone of a man who is totally isolated and who appears to be requiring the pity he himself sometimes has for women.

Since the writing of these novels Mon-

AN APPLE

I cut one.
Its split surface glistens,
but slowly

across its freshness
creeps a yellow tinge,
the dead color
of a parting.

LENNART BRUCE

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therlant's achievement has become substantial. There have been several others, several volumes of journals, a few poems and many plays. On the stage Montherlant has been successful enough to make him a successor to Mauriac and Cocteau in representing the contemporary in the repertory of the Comédie Française. The most brilliant effects of the drama are identical with those of the prose; they provide but other devices for the same kind of self-glorification. In the end he wants his style to triumph as style, his analyses and art to be valued for their elegance and irony, his language to be "*pur et clair*."

In short, he wants to embody the French intelligence, or, what in his mind would be the same thing, the very manner of civilization itself. The novelist, the playwright, triumph over women, over animality, over war, over patriotism and religion, if the language is true, and if the phrasing is pure lucidity. All my triumphs, over art and over life, he seems to say, are to have you acknowledge the supremacy of the Montherlant manner—this Machiavel, this Malatesta, this monster. And there is one further point to make about the aim of this brutalizaton—it is not brutality for its own sake, it is against something. He is ultimately turning the sophistication of his Jesuit training against love and France and Catholicism and Christianity: "My business has been to knife Jesus Christ. I have done this zealously and successfully, even honorably, knifing him in the heart of more than one of those I have loved and wanted to save. I have done this in a kind of complicity with him, in the end kissing him in good grace the way a prize-fighter embraces the one he has just beaten to show it was a fair fight."

Of course it is all a pose—the knifing, the ravishing, the treason, but it is the only pose.

The Forties Generation

THE POEM IN ITS SKIN. *By Paul Carroll. Follett Publishing Co. 262 pp. $2.95 paper.*

DAVID IGNATOW

Mr. Ignatow's most recent collection of verse is Rescue the Dead *(Wesleyan University Press).*

Paul Carroll is the former editor of the historically famous magazine, *Big Table*, now defunct. The first number of *Big Table*, edited by Irving Rosenthal, was immediately banned from the mails for obscenity and "filth." The items cited for their objectionable material were by William S. Burroughs (sections of *Naked Lunch*), and Jack Kerouac's *Old Angel Midnight*, both later hailed as powerful expressions of spiritual and physical holocaust. A successful court fight resulted in the lifting of the mail ban, and publication of *Big Table* was resumed for four more issues under the editorship of Paul Carroll. New styles of writing were encouraged, ranging from stark portrayals of homosexual lives and the manic explosions of Michael McClure to the strict surrealist formalisms of John Ashbery, both writers at that time outside the halls of established poets. Other writers accepted today as of national importance were often published in the days of their obscurity: Robert Duncan, John Rechy, Allen Ginsberg, Frank O'Hara.

The enthusiasm and courage that characterized Paul Carroll's editorship of *Big Table* is once more evidenced in this book. It consists of essays on ten poets in their 40s, each by now well known. They are: John Ashbery, Robert Creeley, James Dickey, Isabella Gardner, Allen Ginsberg, John Logan, W. S. Merwin, Frank O'Hara, W. D. Snodgrass and James Wright.

In Carroll's selections, there is no obvious discrimination against the many other poets of equal talent of this generation, and he is quick to see relationships between the work under discussion and other work which illustrates similar qualities or origins. Carroll offers no special pleading for his choices, and in the general essay with which he concludes the book he frequently digresses to discuss Kenneth Koch, Ferlinghetti, John Wieners and others not among the original ten. His absolute tolerance of and joy in variety is to be treasured.

An essay on Allen Ginsberg coexists with one on Isabella Gardner, distinguished by the purity of her literary style and passion. W. S. Merwin, the haunted magician, is set next to urbane, quotidian Frank O'Hara. In his way, no one has done more than Paul Carroll to help draw together poets, critics and academia into a community of interest in this country—an urgent need ever since the exclusivity of T. S. Eliot's criticism.

The book opens with an explanation of the method with which Carroll presents each poet. It is not a critical method in the sense of a literal paraphrase or exegesis of each representative poem but rather an attempt to re-create the feel, the movement and tone of the poem for the reader, short of paraphrase, through Carroll's enjoyment of it. As a result, the reader is given one dimension with which to guide himself in his own reading. Inspired by Carroll's passionate involvement, the reader seeks his own sense of the poem. Carroll subjects the work to sophisticated conjecture and probing, and his method invites the inclusion of poems that puzzle and defy his understanding of them. And so we have Carroll's intensity, concentration and drive of language to lead the reader deeper into the poem's being.

If I have any complaint, it is that the book is too short for the enormous range of poetry being written today by poets in their 40s. I miss an essay on the haunting lyrics of Robert Bly, an innovator in American poetry who has been deeply influential not only for his stand against the Vietnamese War but for his blunt, clear-headed attack on formalist tedium. Perhaps Carroll will also get around one day to Paul Blackburn, Denise Levertov, Galway Kinnell. If not, his enthusiastic example should inspire others to complete the job.

In his concluding general essay, he opens a wider perspective, placing this generation in contrast with the preceding one of Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro,

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John Berryman and others. Carroll's point of difference is well taken, the earlier generation having focused despairingly on the city and the devitalized, fragmented person in it, whereas the poets chosen by Carroll dwell on their own innate if not irrational desire to live, ignoring the evils. There is truth in this broad abstraction, if only because of the exceptions that illuminate the whole. I am referring to poets of the earlier group: Stanley Kunitz, Louis Zukofsky, Richard Eberhart, George Oppen, the dead W. C. Williams and Roethke. On the other hand, poets James Wright, Allen Ginsberg, John Ashbery also suffer from the acedia of city life. My own definition of the vital difference between the generations is in the exploration and celebration by the younger men of animism, with its promise of a life of spiritual fulfillment in the natural world.

Paul Carroll is also quite aware of the historical changes in politics, economics and social life that have contributed to a basic change in the style and content of the forties generation: the relaxation of the cold war, the upsurge in the American economy, the opening up of the gigantic struggle for human rights. However, the verse techniques of the younger men are certainly the outgrowth of the experiments by the older men. There are no startling metric or imagist innovations in the work of Ginsberg or Frank O'Hara, John Ashbery or Robert Creeley. Each quite clearly has his predecessor. The pleasure derived from each poet is in his ability to make the idiom all his own. This is the triumph of the forties generation, poet by poet.

Nation Book Marks

PETER ROWLEY

Mr. Rowley has written for the New Statesman, Economist, New Republic *and* Catholic Digest. *He is currently at work on a novel.*

PROGRESS, U.S.A. *By Guy Daniels. The Macmillan Co. 214 pp. $4.95.*

Anyone who wonders at the political ignorance of our leaders in foreign and domestic affairs would do well to read this novel, the first of a trilogy. In a style reminiscent of Mark Twain, it evokes the provincialism of rural and small-town life in the Midwest, specifically Iowa, in the late twenties and thirties, precisely the time when Richard Nixon was growing up in Whittier, Calif., or Lyndon Johnson in Texas. The citizenry of Progress City are almost totally unaware of the world outside of the United States and the plight of ghetto Negroes. The only flaw is the young hero whose character is a little too good-natured and uncomplicated to be believed. Daniels' plot chronicles the adolescent growth of Timothy Abbott, through whose eyes are seen the "Vaudeville" (the subtitle) antics and major and minor tragedies of these Iowans. Particularly interesting are the depictions of Protestant-Catholic ill-feeling, Iowan sex attitudes and hinterland humor with its clever punning.

THE JACKLOVE AFFAIR. *By Peter Menegas. Coward-McCann. 172 pp. $4.95.*

This must be the definitive novel on hippies, and its very appearance perhaps signifies the end of the "flower child" movement, which like so many other lost causes, failed through outside opposition and the long-term inability of the hippies themselves to produce new ideas to solve the problems of human relationships they had blithely renounced. A love colony settles in an abandoned Montana town and is supported by a rich female rancher, Orilla Tortini. It is finally disbanded after the hippie leader's wife commits suicide, the cowboy lover of the rancher sleeps with two of the community, and she secures her boy friend by marrying him. At the end the Jacklove community is replaced by a USAF missile station. The moral conclusions are familiar, but Peter Menegas' treatment is deft, sharp and similar to that of the black humorist Kurt Vonnegut, which school is an outgrowth of Evelyn Waugh's cruel humor. The scenes are colorful, love plentiful and of every imaginable variety, and though the eighteen hippies all seem to have single character traits it matters little.

PAPA GORSKI. *By Catherine B. Osborn and Margaret Waterman. Harcourt, Brace & World. 273 pp. $5.95.*

Patterned after Balzac's famous Père Goriot, the novel alternates between scenes in a seedy boarding house and fashionable homes on the North Shore, treating everyone—rich and poor—satirically. The anti-hero, a graduate student in political science, abandons his academic career to plunge into the complexities and corruption of present-day Chicago society. The only really sympathetic character is Papa Gorski, an immigrant Pole, who has made a fortune in Chicago real estate. The old man literally gives his life and all his money to his hard-bitten daughters and their equally callous upper-income husbands. The pacing is fast, the plot clever, and the ending truly moving.

THE LONESOME TRAVELER AND OTHER STORIES. *By John William Corrington. G.P. Putnam's. 286 pp. $5.95.*

A cold, clean, usually clear style distinguishes these short stories about the South from the Civil War to present time. Loneliness is a principal theme, but almost as pervasive is the violence in the old and new South. I was deceived as to the overall quality of this collection by the first three, which—judging by the biographical data about Corrington on the blurb—must be historical fiction and suffer from that familiar weakness of writing about long-past events—an author's inability to make living, believable characters of those long dead. But there are six very good stories set in the 20th century—particularly one about a lynching, another on marital cruelty and a remarkable story of a treasure hunt, contrasting the energy and ingenuity of some young people to the rigidities of their elders, or even the smugness of an 18-year-old contemporary. I was struck by the lifelessness in the people in the South today and its evident blending into America as a whole.

THE MISCREANT. *By Lawrence O'Sullivan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 377 pp. $6.95.*

O'Sullivan's thesis is that fear of latent homosexuality in America stunts friendship among men. The two main characters—David, a painter, and Saul, a teacher-dilettante—meet as intelligence agents in the U.S. Army in France. Their friendship later continues in transatlantic correspondence, and finally in person again in San Francisco. The eventual unwillingness of each to understand the other results in the death of one and psychological desiccation of the other. The author writes: "That trio—Saul, Cynthia [Saul's unhappy wife], David—bled one another of joy, of disappointment, of trust. And of love." *The Miscreant* is, I think, a valid indictment of this aspect of U.S. life. There is also a clever and biting subplot involving some characters in a small Texas town. It is a difficult book to read, clearly derivative of James Joyce, but some of this first novel is very well written, with not infrequent acute insights into human nature.

PROVIDENCE ISLAND. *By Calder*

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Willingham. Vanguard Press. 576 pp. $6.95.

The first 209 pages are very clever and funny. A "Lucky Jim"-type character, Jim Kittering, works as a TV vice president for a human "monster" nicknamed "The Goblin." He insults his boss and his rich bitchy wife and is ordered to spend three weeks on a tramp steamer, concocting a ridiculous TV series, in the company of a supposedly Lesbian writer. Though his life has been a mixture of sleeping and pep pills, alcohol, and marital and extra-marital upsets, he still thinks of himself at the age of 43 as follows: "For all the martinis he had drunk and the strain he had endured, he looked ten years younger than his age." Willingham brilliantly catches the fantasy of his hero's mind while giving him the opportunity to demolish many of the hypocrisies of upper-income suburbia and high-powered New York City communications media.

But the remainder of the book is tedious. When the cargo boat is shipwrecked by a hurricane, Jim, the writer and the third passenger, a heterosexual young married woman, are stranded on a Caribbean island. There is much soggy pornography and amateur psychology. The author, who perfectly balanced absurdity and reality into a believable situation before the accident, seems to have wandered from a world he knows into a new situation without really understanding how his characters would react. The amorous liaisons are tiresomely predictable and the sheer length of this section is painful.

THE FELIX FACTOR. *By Richard Stiller. Crown Publishers. 250 pp. $5.95.*

A middle-aged editor of a man's adventure magazine is eased out of his job. Due to the recommendation of business consultants specializing in psychological testing he becomes publicity director of a company that makes a super-napalm that turns its victim into a sort of Roman candle endangering yet others. He objects, is quickly corrupted by the "felix factor" which is the fake name the consultants give to the raw aggression in everyone. Conflict comes from a young New Leftist in the plant who campaigns by anonymous letter writing, warning of the product's immorality. The suspense is constant, the understanding of the intricacies in a business organization by which all are responsible for "APIW" (Anti-Personnel Incendiary Weapon) is skillful. As seems to happen in many political novels, the characters are somewhat stereotyped, but the appearance of such a novel now, with its irrefutable condemnation of the effects of Vietnam on the home front is most welcome.

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Since Richard Strauss's *Elektra* is basically an adaptation of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's play, for which the poet provided some additional verses and assisted in making abridgments, the famous operatic collaboration, whose tribulations are absorbingly documented in a published correspondence, really began in earnest with *Der Rosenkavalier*. Although the evidence of the correspondence strongly suggests that neither man understood what the other was up to a good deal of the time, *Rosenkavalier* has been a fairly consistent success throughout the nearly six decades of its existence. The later works have entered the repertory only slowly and sporadically (one, *Die Aegyptische Helena*, has not yet been commercially recorded), but the current season has offered an opportunity to hear *Rosenkavalier* (1909) in close conjunction with the two succeeding works: *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1912) and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (1916).

The Metropolitan Opera's new production of *Rosenkavalier* was especially interesting because it so clearly demonstrated the composer's inability (or, perhaps, lack of desire) to achieve any significant long-range continuity that would order the musical progression over large parts of the work. Perhaps because of Karl Böhm's generally "up" tempos, the set pieces stood out more than usually amid the yards and yards of instrumental noodling that accompanies the more conversational sections of the score. Strauss's willingness to ramble on in this latter fashion is made tolerable—at least on some occasions—by the finesse of his instrumentation and the subtlety of local details, and it is also sustained—at least for German-speaking listeners—by the wealth of allusion in the libretto (which has, in fact, been played successfully as a straight drama without music). At Böhm's tempos, unfortunately, the musical subtleties were frequently smudged in the orchestra, even if some of the set pieces came off very well—so that, for example, the little lead-in to the Italian tenor's aria emerged as the first point of real musical interest after the prelude. Considering the importance of a good blend of female voices to the success of the set pieces, this production has already seen a good deal of cast shuffling: three Marschallins, three Octavians and two Sophies have turned up in various permutations. At the performance I heard (March 11), at least the verbal felicities were well projected, especially by Otto Edelmann (Baron Ochs) and Régine Crespin (Marschallin). It is a shame that Crespin's really distiguished dramatic portrayal is betrayed by her faulty vocal control, but the sad fact is that she sang flat most of the evening; whenever the voice went under pressure, both intonation and tonal quality deteriorated. In general, this new production (set by Robert O'Hearn, direction by Nathaniel Merrill) is visually acceptable, despite the usual tiresome tendency toward excessive busyness in the ensembles.

The most interesting Strauss operatic performance of the season took place in Carnegie Hall, where on January 18 the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented a concert performance of the original 1912 score of *Ariadne auf Naxos*. This opera was first planned and presented in conjunction with Hofmannsthal's adaptation of Molière's *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*, the simultaneously performed *opera seria* and *commedia dell' arte* replacing Molière's Turkish ceremony; later, when it became evident that good performances of the combined play and opera were difficult to arrange, Hofmannsthal devised a prologue for musical setting that would establish the necessary dramatic situation for the opera-pastiche. In his 1916 setting of that Prologue, Strauss makes no attempt to achieve a musical continuity, presumably to throw into relief the opera-within-the-opera. However, the highly stylized libretto of the latter, with its clear articulation into "numbers," called forth from Strauss a consistency of structural

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coherence and harmonic direction that he rarely achieved in his operatic works. The busy but directionless "symphonic recitative" of *Rosenkavalier* is avoided here, and within the closed musical forms a high level of craftsmanship is almost continuously evident, especially in harmonic details and in the prodigiously inventive scoring for chamber orchestra (the string divisions, doublings with winds, and the disposition of harmonium, celesta, piano and two harps in the *tutti* climaxes are brilliantly arranged for maximum sonority).

The additional music found in the 1912 version (mostly for Zerbinetta; in the revision she lost an aria announcing Bacchus' arrival, and her big rondo was abbreviated and simplified) results in a considerable change of emphasis, for the *commedia dell' arte* characters originally had a much larger role in the later part of the opera. From the correspondence it is clear that Strauss wanted to revise them away entirely at the end, and only at Hofmannsthal's insistence did he insert a single line for Zerbinetta to express her worldly view of what is to Ariadne a mystical transcendence, not just a shift of affections to a new lover. However, the original version makes this point much more satisfactorily and retains a balance between the two elements right to the end of the opera. It is regrettable that the final pages of the 1912 score, with a speech for Monsieur Jourdain and references to the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* score, effectively preclude its use with the later prologue.

The Carnegie Hall performance was certainly one of the most notable achievements of Leinsdorf's Boston tenure, for the score can rarely have been played so well; in both line and detail, it was masterful. The evening's special pleasure was the spectacularly accurate and endearingly insouciant Zerbinetta of Beverly Sills; Strauss's *reductio ad absurdum* of the coloratura showpiece can fall flat on its face if not tossed off to perfection, but Miss Sills has skill to spare, and her obvious conviction that it was all only slightly more difficult than *Heidenröslein* added an extra layer of icing to the whole deliciously grotesque confection. Claire Watson's sympathetic Ariadne was also on the positive side, and Robert Nagy offered a powerful, if somewhat unvaried Bacchus. A concurrently released recording of the revised version (see listing below) is a serviceable addition to the catalogue, with some smaller roles better sung than they were in the Boston performance; by comparison, however, Kempe leads a neat and careful performance rather than a brilliant one. What is now called for is a recording of the 1912 *Ariadne*, not just another duplication of existing recordings.

Finally, the Metropolitan's revival of the 1966 production of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and London's low-priced reissue of its 1955 Vienna recording bring us to the most ambitious—and consequently the most problematic—of the Strauss-Hofmannsthal works. For all his professed distaste for the Wagnerian aesthetic, the poet devised an essentially Wagnerian libretto, if one filtered through a *fin de siècle* Austrian sensibility, and Strauss responded with a setting of Wagnerian dimensions. In at least one respect he was equal to the task: the sonic characterization of each "level" of the story and of each individual scene is brilliantly accomplished, and the score displays an astounding variety of color and textural density. However, the level of thematic development is much less consistently inventive, and often sheer orchestral elaboration is offered as a substitute—as, for example, in the third act's first and last interludes, which do little more than "plug" the big tunes.

Not since *Elektra* had Strauss attempted so consistently "symphonic" a score, and the best points in *Die Frau* are at least as good as most of the earlier opera; I am thinking particularly of the scenes in Act II for the Emperor and Empress, or the scene before the temple in Act III. But just as *Elektra* (and *Salome* before it) falls into thematic banality and aimless harmonic wandering at certain crucial spots, so here too there are embarrassing moments, most disastrously the entire finale, beginning at the moment the Emperor returns to life from his semi-petrified condition. Even worse is the absence of firm harmonic direction, an underpinning to integrate the obviously diatonic material with the highly chromatic episodes; so much of the harmonic movement is purely local in effect, leading to no cumulative result.

For all these flaws, *Die Frau* remains an interesting work, and the Metropolitan production is a considerable achievement, both scenically and musically. Only the threadbare final scene is a visual failure, for which the virtuosity of the rest is ample compensation. A few small objections are essentially auditory—first, to the use of a "real live" fountain in the temple scene, which is distractingly noisy; and second, to the use of the auditorium speakers for most of Strauss's backstage brass and choral effects—not only does the music come from the wrong direction but it sounds unpleasantly tinny. Although the orchestral playing displays a certain untidiness at times, some of the solo work is very good, and Böhm's control of the opera's dynamic proportions is always impressive. Because of the complexity of the production, the 1966 cast has been kept more or less intact, and this is all to the good; Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry and James King are excellent, and Irene Dalis deserves special mention for the almost inhuman accuracy she achieves in the very difficult part of the Nurse.

Leonie Rysanek, it must be admitted, is heard to much better advantage as the Empress in the London recording, for her obvious sincerity and intensity are no longer sufficient to make one oblivious of vocal shortcomings. Böhm, too, had a better—or at least a better-rehearsed—orchestra to work with in Vienna, and although the recording dates from the earliest days of stereo, it is clean and natural in sound (rather more so, in fact, than some highly touted recent operatic sets from the same source). Even when it cost more and was not available in stereo, this was the preferable recording of the opera; now it is definitely a "best buy," and nothing better is on the horizon (although I should perhaps warn that a Solti *Rosenkavalier* and a Böhm *Ariadne* are in the works).

STRAUSS: *Ariadne auf Naxos.* Gundula Janowitz, Sylvia Geszty, Teresa Zylis-Gara, James King, Theo Adam, Peter Schreier, Hermann Prey. Dresden State Opera Orchestra; Rudolf Kempe, cond. Angel SCL-3733. $17.37.

Die Frau ohne Schatten. Leonie Rysanek, Christel Goltz, Elizabeth Höngen, Hans Hopf, Paul Schöffler, Kurt Böhme. Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Karl Böhm, cond. London Richmond SRS-64503. $9.96.

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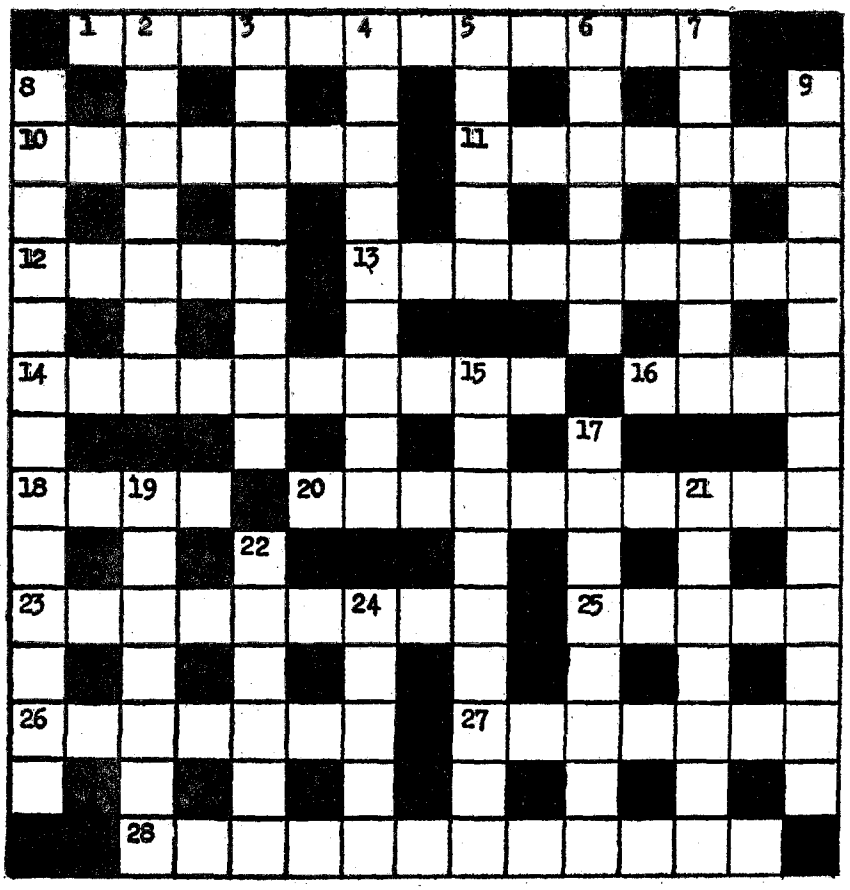

ACROSS

1 Turn down the volume on that noisy bass! That's an order, sailor! (Watch out if they do!) (5,3,4)
10 Satisfies? Exactly so! (7)
11 Donne implied no man should be so. (7)
12 Score for an Indian exhibition of dancing, by the sound of it. (5)
13 When disturbed, cries unto such as Columbia! (9)
14 Points to the artful, in a manner not wanted. (10)
16 Without the French, the League could spell trouble. (4)
18 See 2 down
20 Contracting for a sort of rating sent to order. (10)
23 Can't sit, if so positioned, strange as it may seem. (9)
25 Sort of meet, but the two sides of it don't. (5)
26 Behavior patterns we sometimes pass through. (7)
27 Unless it's shining face won't reveal much! (7)
28 Prejudiced, as such might have been earlier owned. (12)

DOWN

2 and 18 across Where the poor were once headed, no longer effective. (4,3,4)
3 China, perhaps, spurs one to a state of torment. (8)
4 Tried to set a precedent, describing them? (4,5)
5 Root of statesmanship? (5)
6 Attacks the logical position of movie actors? (6)
7 Moving in circles where the profession is bound to be a grind? (7)
8 Chief result of heading into the storm? (4-2-3-4)
9 In combat uniform, supposedly so stylish. (7,2,4)
15 It's Cyril's composition, but they wrote the words! (9)
17 Sound example, if only for short spaces of time. (8)
19 Queues, perhaps. (5,2)
21 Save up? I have, finally, with some equivocation! (7)
22 Father-figure on the stage? (The sente ce might not be so long with it.) (6)
24 The poet might be a stupid fellow to get around it! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1290

ACROSS: 1 Overhanging; 9 and 10 I A'int Got Nobody; 12 and 12 Hansen's disease; 14 Davits; 15 American; 17 Shagreen; 20 Caribs; 22 Sallies; 24 Gradual; 26 Weight; 27 Pendants; 28 Strait-laced. DOWN: 2 Vanishing; 3 Ragings; 4 Ante; 5 Gentile; 6 Noble; 7 Panama; 8 Odessa; 13 Canny; 16 Irradiate; 19 Electra; 20 Corunna; 21 Beauty; 23 and 18 Light-headed; 25 Spot.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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